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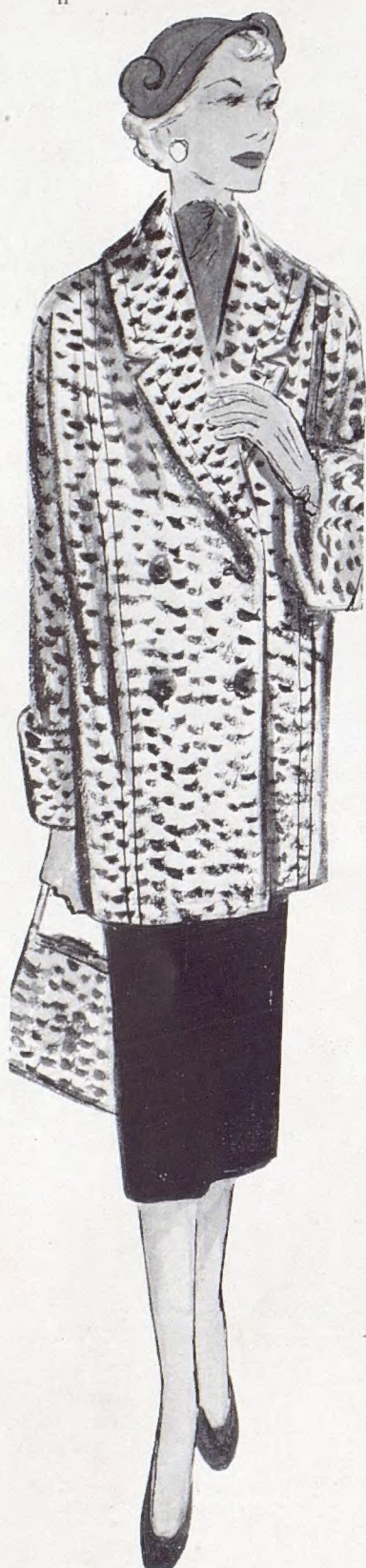
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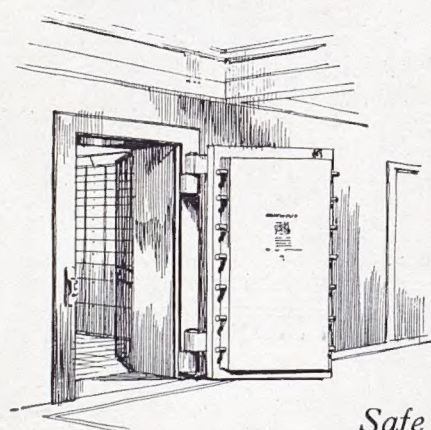
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 24 to August 31



MISS JUDITH STOAKES, who, in this gay and colourful picture, is seen enjoying the high summer season at Monte Carlo, is the subject of our cover this week. She is twenty-one and lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stoakes, at Harlesford, Culverden Park, Tunbridge Wells. She is very interested in music, is an accomplished pianist, and includes sailing, driving cars and riding among her hobbies

August 24 (Wed.) Racing at Brighton (two days).

Cricket at Lord's, Middlesex v. Leicestershire, at the Oval, Surrey v. Sussex and at Canterbury, Kent v. the South Africans.

National Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court (until September 3).

Sailing: Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta.

First night of *Dead on Nine* at the Westminster Theatre.

August 25 (Thur.) Dance: Mrs. Ralph Turton's for her daughter Cecilia, at Upsall Castle, Thirsk, Yorkshire.

Monmouth Agricultural Show.

Dartmouth Royal Regatta, at Dartmouth, Devonshire (three days).

Edinburgh Festival: First performance Festival Piano Trio. Solomon—Francescatti—Fournier, at the Usher Hall.

August 26 (Fri.) Racing at Windsor (two days).

Edinburgh Festival: Royal Danish Ballet. First performance *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Empire Theatre.

Welsh National Sheepdog Trials at Beaumaris, Anglesey (two days).

August 27 (Sat.) Racing at Thirsk.

Cricket at Lord's, Middlesex v. South Africans.

Daily Herald International Motor Race at Oulton Park, Cheshire.

August 28 (Sun.) Racing: Grand Prix de Deauville.

Bal des Petits Tits Blancs—at Deauville.

August 29 (Mon.) Racing at Birmingham and Lewes (two days).

Edinburgh Festival: B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra (first performance). Conductor: Sir Malcolm Sargent; soloist Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, at the Usher Hall.

August 30 (Tues.) First night of *The Burnt Flower Bed* at the Arts Theatre.

Edinburgh Festival: Royal Danish Ballet (first performance) *Napoli* and *Graduation Ball* at the Empire Theatre, and Glyndebourne Opera, *La Forza del Destino*, at the King's Theatre.

August 31 (Wed.) First Night of *The Water Gypsies* at the Winter Garden Theatre.

Cricket: M.C.C. Young Professionals v. London Federation of Boys' Clubs.

Surrey v. Derbyshire at the Oval. Cricket Weeks at Scarborough (nine days) and Hastings (six days).

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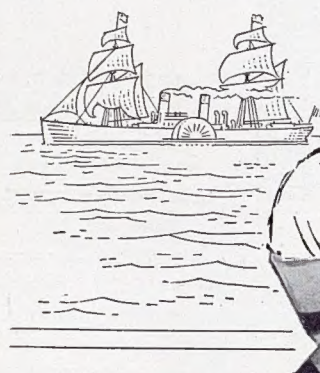
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TO

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AUG. 24
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Cecil Beaton

Garland for a Princess

THIS charming portrait of H.R.H. Princess Alexandra was taken in the grounds of Kensington Palace, her new London home. The Princess, who will be nineteen on Christmas Day, has most ably taken up her part in the fulfilment of Royal public engagements, which she performs with a grace and dignity that wins all hearts

ON HER FIFTH BIRTHDAY

H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE was five years old on August 15. She is fortunate in that her birthday falls on a date when the Royal Family are at Balmoral—an ideal situation for such an event, and one where she is almost certain to have the company of her parents and members of her family. This picture of H.R.H., calls to mind the enchanting photographs taken of H.M. the Queen as a child, whom she so strikingly resembles. The Princess is greatly looking forward to beginning lessons, which she starts seriously in October



Marcus Adams

Social Journal

Jennifer

AN IDEAL WEEKEND IN PERTHSHIRE

I FLEW up from London for a weekend at Gleneagles Hotel in Perthshire. This was an extremely easy journey, flying on the B.E.A. scheduled service from London to Edinburgh (Turnhouse Aerodrome) and motoring on from there to the Hotel, about an hour and a quarter's drive through lovely country to arrive in time for lunch. The whole journey from my home in London to Gleneagles took about five hours.

Shortly after my arrival, lunching in the Restaurant du Soleil where the cuisine is renowned, I met that great Canadian personality Mr. Roy Thomson who was returning to Canada a few days later. He returns to Scotland next month for a short stay and then leaves for a visit to Australia. He was lunching with Sir Edward Stevenson who told me he was also going over to Canada but not until the end of this month, as he hoped to get a couple of weeks' grouse shooting first. He was happy about the prospects as, unlike many places where grouse are scarce, the latest reports had been very good from the moor over which he was going to shoot.

Gleneagles like other parts of Scotland and

the British Isles had been bathed in sunshine for several weeks—golfers were playing in their shirtsleeves and some of the women in cotton frocks. Both the King's Course, with its many famous holes such as Deil's Creel, Braid's Brawest, Wee Bogle and lastly King's Hame, and the shorter Queen's Course were playing extremely well; in spite of the very dry weather the greens were in splendid condition and of emerald hue. Many enthusiasts were playing two rounds a day. For the not so energetic there is a new and very well laid-out "pitch and putting" course adjoining the hotel garden.

O THER guests were playing lawn tennis and both the grass and hard courts were well patronized morning and afternoon. The splendid indoor swimming pool was another great attraction and seemed more popular than ever this season. Many visitors not wanting to be so energetic by playing either golf or tennis, swimming, or even putting, were sitting out peacefully in the beautiful and restful grounds where the herbaceous borders and rose beds were a blaze of colour, with some of the most glorious scenery in Scotland in the distance around them. As an

alternative they went for drives around the picturesque countryside.

I found friends from both sides of the Atlantic who have been devotees of Gleneagles in the summer for many years. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Bulgin who had come over from Canada once again, and were both looking extremely well, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davis from South Carolina; they always motor around during their annual visit looking at well-known herds of Aberdeen Angus cattle and make purchases for their famous ranch. This year they bought a pedigree Shetland pony stallion and little Shetland mare in foal, to send home. Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Good from Van Wert, Ohio, also keen Aberdeen Angus breeders, accompanied them to see the cattle. This young couple were on their first visit to Europe.

M R. and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage were two more regulars I met, Mr. Gamage starting off to play 18 holes of golf soon after nine each morning, while his wife would take her easel and paint the magnificent scenery which she does quite beautifully. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Rose, who joined them a few days after I left, is a very busy person and an active

member of the L.C.C. Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey had their usual very happy family party, which included his mother Mrs. W. G. Bailey, his brother Mr. Ian Bailey and Mrs. Bailey's brother, Mr. Alan Robertson, who had both come straight down from the Spey where they had been fishing with varying luck. Despite brilliant sunshine and shortage of water they had managed to kill several salmon. With the exception of Mrs. W. G. Bailey they all played golf most mornings and afternoons. Mr. David Bailey joined his parents for a few days and I saw him dancing one evening with the Hon. Sarah Cadogan. She had motored over from Murthly where Earl and Countess Cadogan and their family are spending the summer holidays.

MR. GEORGE WHIGHAM came up for the weekend to this restful spot and played several rounds of golf, but alas, had to return south at the beginning of the week before leaving for Canada on a business trip. He joined Sir Archibald and Lady Forbes, the former enjoying a few well-earned days' rest from his work in the steel industry. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale and their sons Ian and Glen spent a night here on their way up to their house on the Helmsdale, Lord Dundonald also broke his journey north for a brief stay. Mlle. Jacquet, the Belgian ladies golf champion, was over with her father Monsieur Raoul Jacquet and enjoying both courses.

★ ★ ★

VISITORS during this month also included Sir Arthur and Lady Croft from their home, Buckstone Hall, in Yorkshire, Lady McKenzie Wood who was there with a family party for two or three weeks, Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Col. and Mrs. P. L. Reid who come up each summer from their lovely home in the Midlands, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Simpson and Sir John and Lady Mildred Fitzgerald; Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Argles who come up from Crudgington Manor in Shropshire, Lady Mullens, and Sir Archibald and Lady Black who were expected this week. He was Sheriff of Stirling, Dumbarton and Clackmannan from 1933-37 and Sheriff of Lanarkshire from 1937-52.

Also that beloved personality who has such a host of friends, Rose Marchioness of Headfort. Her son the Marquess of Headfort had arranged to come over from Ireland to



A HOLIDAY IN AYRSHIRE: Among those enjoying an open air holiday at Turnberry Hotel were three young people, Margaret, Graham and Elizabeth Roxburgh, from Glasgow

spend a few days with his mother and Lady Millicent Taylour was also expected to join the family party. I noted that Mr. Aldridge, the new manager of the Gleneagles Hotel, is carrying on the very high standards set by his predecessor, Mr. Berry, who is now in Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

THE Commodore, Lt.-Col. Huddleston, and the flag officers of the Bembridge Sailing Club again held their very good annual dance after the end of Cowes Week. From friends who were present I heard it was a tremendous success and attended by over five hundred guests who will always remember this year's dance for the originality of the décor. It was designed and carried out by Mr. Paul Anstee who is quickly becoming one of the top designers. This season he did the enchanting fairy-like décor in the garden at Miss Susan Clifford-Turner and Miss Penny Knowles's coming-out dance in Hobart Place. Also the really superb décor and clever lighting

at Anna Massey's dance in July, which everyone raved about and for which he has received overwhelming congratulations.

At Bembridge guests entered through a long corridor entirely covered in seaweed and shells. The roofs of the two marquees where guests danced were garlanded in Redwing sails, fishing nets and real lobsters! Pink lamps in lobster pots gave a diffused and most becoming light, and the supports to the tents were transformed into palm trees. This was as always a very gay dance with plenty of young people all thoroughly enjoying themselves.

A GREAT many people brought parties to the ball including the Commodore, Lt.-Col. Huddleston, the Vice-Commodore Capt. Lowry-Corry, the Rear-Commodore, Lt.-Cdr. H. K. Andreae, and Mrs. Andreae. Also Sir Derrick Gunston and his charming wife who is such a gay and popular personality and organized this ball so well. Guests included Sir Ralph Gore, Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and Lady Gore, and the Marquess Camden, Vice-Commodore of the R.Y.S., who had dined with Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn at their house in Ducie Avenue. Their party included the Hon. Mrs. Sherman Stonor and Monsieur and Madame Françoise Ouvrey. Lord and Lady Fairfax, the latter very pretty in a black lace dress over white tulle, were there, also Mr. Kenneth Preston, a former Commodore of the Club, and Mrs. Preston whose new six-metre Tania had such a successful Cowes week.

Viscount and Viscountess Ruthven came to the ball as did Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. William Eykyn who have taken a house at Bembridge for August. Other guests were Miss Susan Eykyn, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Miller, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord De L'Isle and Dudley, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, General and Mrs. Michael West, the latter most attractive wearing a scarlet taffeta stole over a paler pink dress, and Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Davies. Others at the ball included Sir Edward Peel whose fine yacht, Lady Walrus, was lying off Bembridge, Major and Mrs. Peel, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, whom I had seen at the R.Y.S. Ball at Cowes, and the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury who brought a young party including their two charming daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Curling, Mrs. Mark Strutt and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys who were staying at the Pitt House

Continued overleaf



Mr. David Boyd watched by Mrs. Boyd driving off on the Ailsa course



Suzanne Hyde, from Colne, Lancs, and Roy Smith, from Edinburgh, at Turnberry



Stewart McDowall, the golf professional, gives two-year-old Terry Aitken a lesson

Continuing The Social Journal

The younger generation at Bembridge

Club, where eighty guests had dined before this excellent ball.

★ ★ ★

GLORIOUS summer weather during July and August has meant that the English seaside really has been fun this year. At Bembridge, where families return summer after summer, there seems to have been more family parties and more children and nannies than ever. Among the young people who have been enjoying the delights of the sands and sailing in this enchanting place are the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury's children and Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn's two good-looking elder sons, Viscount Quenington and the Hon. Peter Hicks-Beach, who are very thrilled with their baby brother. Also Wentworth, Mark and Charles Beaumont, the sons of the Hon. Wentworth and the Hon. Mrs. Beaumont who come here every summer, Mr. Peter and the Hon. Mrs. Kenward's five-year-old son Robert, playing with Edward and Andrew Hay, the young sons of Major Philip and Lady Margaret Hay, Mr. John and Lady Cecilia Wiggin's children and Col. Thomas and Lady Betty Winnington's son and daughter, Anthony and Sarah.

MANY visitors have been staying at the Pitt House Country Club which is one of the most comfortable clubs in the country and right on the sea. Among guests here are Brig. Anthony Head, the Minister of War, having a brief and well-earned rest with Lady Dorothea Head and their children, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys and their children, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Crichton. Sailing enthusiasts staying there for the Old World-New World six-metre cup races which were to begin at the end of last week included Mr. and Mrs. William Horton from California, Sir Alfred Bosson and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Douglas Harries, the very able secretary of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, and Lady Harries.

In more news from Bembridge I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield are staying with her brother, Mr. Martin Soames. Mr. David and Lady Joan Colville have now



The Hon. Gina Cavendish, with her brother, the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish, children of Lord Chesham, and (centre) Miss Anne Lusty

settled into the house they bought from Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn. Mr. Colville was recently elected a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor have taken a house down here for a month and are thoroughly enjoying the holiday with their five children. Major and Mrs. Alyson and their children are there; Lord and Lady De L'Isle and Dudley and their young family of five are staying with Mr. and Mrs. George Godfrey-Faussett, and Col. Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Davies and their three children are staying with his mother, Lady Davies, at Beach House.

★ ★ ★

WHEN I was over in Ireland recently I spent a most interesting afternoon looking at several hundred thousand pounds' worth of bloodstock. I lunched out at the Curragh with Major Cyril Hall and his charming wife. He manages very efficiently the Aga Khan's five studs, Sheshoon, Ballymanny, Giltown, Ongar and Sallymount which cover several thousand acres and employ over a hundred men. When he took it over about eighteen months ago, Major Hall did not have

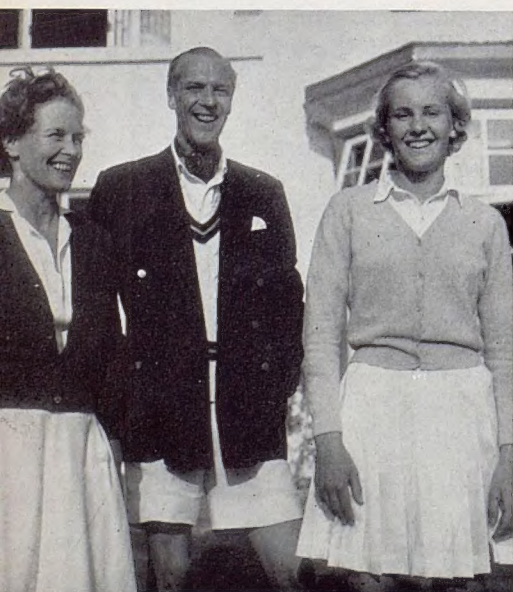
far to move as he had previously managed the Irish National Stud which is also at the Curragh. He was in charge there when the Irish Government decided to buy Tulyar, winner of the Derby, Eclipse Stakes, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes and St. Leger in 1952, from the Aga Khan, and had a big part in the negotiations which ended in Tulyar being bought for Ireland for the record sum of £250,000.

Firstly we looked at about thirty yearlings at Sheshoon. Another twenty had already been sold privately, including six which had gone to Kentucky and six to California to race out there. Some of those we saw are sure to be racing in England next summer in spite of the fact that a good many will be trained in France by Alec Head who is to become the Aga's private trainer next season.

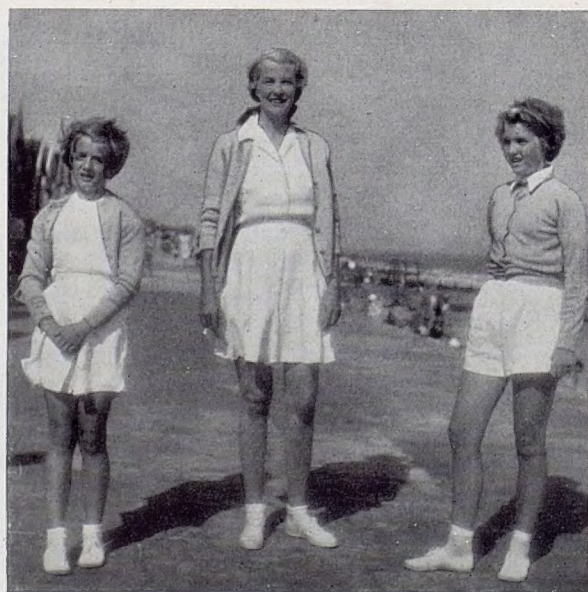
AMONG an impressive galaxy of colts and fillies I saw a grey filly by Palestine (who already promises to be one of the most successful sires) out of Masaka, the mare which was sold in America last year for 105,000 dollars. A long forecast is that this lovely filly who is hard to fault might possibly win the Acorn Plate at Epsom and the Queen Mary Stakes at Royal Ascot. There was a nice bay colt already named Ommeyad, by Hyperion out of Minaret, who looked as if he might win a classic. Another outstanding yearling was a chestnut filly by Nearco out of Leventina which is already a flyer. This filly is another instance of Pharos-Fairway inbreeding in which the Aga is so interested, and Palariva who has been so successful this season is a good example of this.

Then we went on to another yard where Andy Murray, the stud groom who has been at Sheshoon since the Aga bought the stud in 1922, showed us more than twenty mares and foals. These included Double Rose, winner of eight races in France, and her fine filly foal by Nearco which is a full sister to Hafiz II. Also Nashua who won the Irish 1,000 gns. in 1952 and has a lovely filly foal by Tulyar which is already a good walker. Another lovely mare here is Tambara who won the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, and was second in the Princess Elizabeth Stakes at Epsom and the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. She has a nice colt foal by Tehran and is now in foal to Hyperion.

From here we went to Giltown where I saw the famous sires Stardust and the much younger Palestine who has already had a



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster and their daughter, who are seen outside their house in Second Avenue, Frinton, had all been playing tennis



The Hon. Mrs. Marion Hubbard with her daughters Angela and Rosemary. Mrs. Hubbard is a daughter of the late Lord Ashfield



Miss Sally Probart Jones and Miss Tessa Ruscoe were being escorted to the beach by Mr. Garry Service

big number of winners. On our way to Gilttown we stopped at the Irish National Stud where I saw Tulyar who looked simply magnificent and has already sired some lovely foals which we hope will follow in his footsteps. On the wall of his big roomy box is a large plaque hanging under a St. Bridget's Cross. On it is recorded the fact that Tulyar won £76,417½ in stakes.

Before I left I saw the famous Japanese Garden which is open to the public through the summer and well worth a visit. The late Lord Wavertree, who originally gave the Stud to the British nation, had this garden designed and laid out by the Japanese landscape gardener, Eida. He created it around an enchanting story, and most of the rare plants and shrubs were imported from Japan.

★ ★ ★

THE Earl and Countess of Airlie recently lent the grounds of their beautiful and historical home, Cortachy Castle, in Angus for a garden party and fête. This was to raise funds to house a magnificent folk collection which Lady Maitland, wife of Sir Ramsay Maitland, has very generously presented to the county. I was told that the Earl of Strathmore has very kindly offered some old houses in Kirk Wynd, Glamis, to the National Trust to house the collection permanently.

The party, opened by the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, raised over fifteen hundred pounds. Guests were able to stroll round admiring the numerous stalls, making their purchases, have fun at the various amusements, or sit on chairs under the fine shady trees admiring the beauty of the grounds. Lord and Lady Airlie opened Cortachy Castle to the public for the first time with plenty of guides to take visitors round the castle pointing out the many things of historical interest.

Both the Earl and Countess of Airlie were busy mingling among the visitors as were their son and heir Lord Ogilvy and his charming American-born wife, both of whom had come up from their London home for their holiday. Sir Ramsay and Lady Maitland were there, also Lady Elphinstone, Lady Lyell from nearby Kinnordy who ran the tombola, Lady Munro, Lady Douglas Gordon who ran the Garden Stall, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Arbuthnot, Lady Gammell, and Mrs. Gerald Osborne who ran the Produce Stall.

★ ★ ★

VISITORS to Edinburgh for the Festival which is being held this year from August 21-September 10, will once again be able to visit some of Scotland's famous and historic gardens and private houses under Scotland's Gardens' Scheme. Motor coaches will leave the Festival Club in George Street for half-day and day tours, and fares will include admission and meals.

Houses and gardens to be visited include the Drum, a gem of Adam architecture, the home of Mr. and Mrs. More Nisbet, Sir John and Lady Clerk's Penicuik House, Thirlstane Castle, once a formidable Border stronghold and now the home of the Dowager Countess of Lauderdale, Kinross House where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, Bravelaw Castle a delightful small sixteenth-century castle high up in the Pentlands, the Gardens of Glen, belonging to Lord Glenconner also in the Pentlands, and Carolside, the Berwickshire home of Sir John and Lady Mary Gilmour.

In The TATLER of July 13, a caption described Major Patrick Weir, M.C., The King's Own Royal Regiment, as being the son of the late Sir Charles Weir, M.C., this should have been "Sir Charles Weir, K.C."



ON THE SANDS OF FRINTON: This bracing East Coast resort with its miles of sandy beaches and safe bathing has for long been very much favoured by the younger generation, and during the prolonged sunshine has been at its best. Above: Catriona, aged two and a half, and her brother Dominic a year older, children of Major and Mrs. Harry McGowan



Tana Alexander, daughter of Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander, and Caroline Berry, daughter of the Hon. Lionel and Lady Helen Berry



Elizabeth and Peta Foster, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Foster, were keeping themselves cool in the surf

Swaebe



Water ski-ing is a favourite sport in the wide bay. Here an expert "rides the wash" with the Sporting Club in the background

Enchantment by daylight: the high season at Monte Carlo

Miss Susan Bisco with Mrs. Stephen Raphael of New York (formerly of London) at the popular La Vigie Club on its rocky headland

Miss Jean Evans on holiday with her parents, Sir Horace and Lady Evans, was here with Mlle. Vera Boissevain of Monte Carlo





Miss Wendy Raphael and her stepsister, Miss Heather Turner Laing, beside the swimming pool above the beach

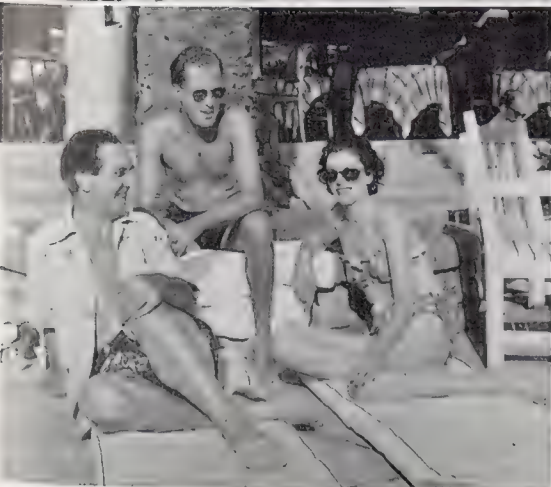
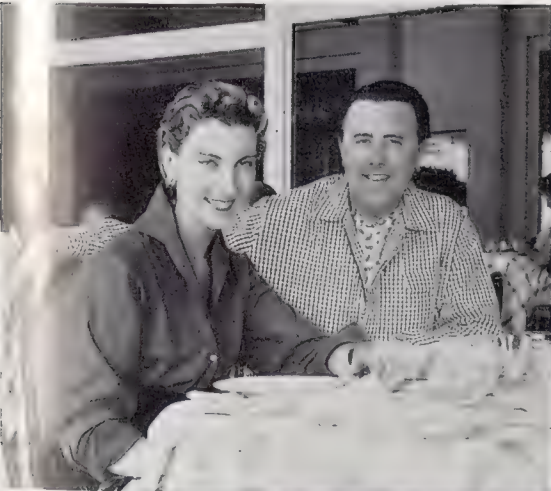


Miss Marion Elvinger, from Paris, and Miss Kerry Ogilvy, from Corford, Essex, resting after a swim at La Vigie

Mr. Henry Caldwell, B.B.C. television producer, and Mrs. Caldwell, were on honeymoon in the town

Miss Frederica Sigrist, Mr. Jeremy Macnish Porter and Mr. Michael M. Porter at La Vigie

Mrs. Raymond Huntley was with Mr. Anton Dolin of ballet fame, and Mrs. Claude Grahame-White



Mr. Jervis O'Donohue, Mr. Rodney Solomon and Mrs. Jervis O'Donohue had just been swimming

Mrs. H. J. Gilbert, Mrs. John Gorman and Mr. Jack Isaacs were three visitors from London,

Mrs. H. S. Kerby, with Mrs. Kyle and Capt. Allan Kyle, from Leicestershire, awaiting an apéritif

Demmond O'Neill

Roundabout

Paul Holt



"When they think you might be feeling like a drink"

SURELY the pleasantest way to travel in Britain is by race train. On the way there everybody is chatty, excited by the prospect of the winners they know will come their way. Coming home they are sleepy from the fresh air and the odd one to celebrate the winners that came their way.

I was travelling towards Salisbury the other day. Even the restaurant car attendants were cheerful and served lunch with aplomb. Lunch startled my companions, for the temperature in the car with the sun streaming in could not have been below ninety. Yet around them they saw many honest characters taking hot asparagus soup, roast beef, Yorkshire pud, roast potatoes, baked jam roll with hot custard. They ate the lot with gusto.

Opposite was a man I took to be a retired comedian; light suit, bright tie, coarse-weave straw hat. He turned out to be from Tennessee, a retired business man on his way to his first English race meeting. There was a Dorset farmer, old school, russet face, hound's tooth tweed, straggly moustache, gold fob.

A large woman came from Northern Ireland, pleased because she still has an Irish name though she married an Austrian. The British Army had given him a real blarney name during the war, in case he got captured and they were both happy about it.

THE Irish woman began to tell the American about racing. She said if you saw a run on a horse with the bookies, the proper thing to do was to run to the Tote as fast as your legs would carry you.

She kept on assuring him that she had never been on a course in her life and he politely believed her. He assured her that he had been trapped in the toils of his own cleverness in Kentucky, Virginia, and at Santa Anita and Belmont.

"Never mind," said the Irish woman firmly. "It's a nice healthy way to spend an afternoon, if you have a mind to that kind of thing."

She told him about Irish trains. They lock you in your carriage, she said; but

they stop the train at frequent intervals when they think you might be feeling like a drink.

I gave the American two winners, Gunman and Cuba, for the afternoon, and he suddenly broke down his own reserve and declared roundly that he had never met such friendly people as the English.

Stand-offish, they'd told him. Too good for the rest of the world. He wondered why they had been selling him that bum bill of goods all his life.

★ ★ ★

I SUGGESTED it might be propaganda started by the American-Irish. He said he was American-Irish himself. I could see he was getting angry at the way he had been deceived, and the Irish woman saw that she had to save the situation.

"It was the war. The War!" she said. It had changed our attitude. We had had to become used to meeting the rest of the

world, and had taken such a fancy to it we welcomed everybody in sight nowadays. The Dorset farmer said nothing.

The American sat thinking for a minute and then he delivered a verdict.

The great thing about the English, he said (and I think he felt he was greatly daring to make the remark) is that they don't worry. In America everybody worries about everything. Here we reserve our anxiety for cricket, a man named Chattaway and horse-racing.

"It's durned healthy," he said.

"It's the war," the Irish lady persisted. "Everything's different, nothing's the same." The Dorset farmer said nothing.

I had to leave them at Pirbright, for I was going to lunch with Major Denzil Stanley, son of the immortal Sir Henry Morton Stanley, who is known to have discovered Dr. Livingstone and less well known as the man who opened up Africa.

★ ★ ★

EVERYTHING's different, nothing's the same?

I wondered as I saw a column of the Household Cavalry approaching. They had come from playing toy soldiers in Whitehall for a spell of country life. The troopers were trim, but hot. The horses sweating at the neck, remote and secret in their boredom. The young officers pink, well scrubbed and vastly romantic, and healthy—when you think they were certainly all out at deb dances until four that morning.

Seeing them, I could not help thinking of the great General Wilson, one of Wellington's officers, who led the cavalry against Marsal Masséna (greatest cavalry officer the world has known) at the end of the Spanish campaign wearing a blue frock coat, a black top hat and carrying an umbrella instead of a sabre.

Masséna, of course, had a leopard-skin saddle cloth, gold trimmed dolman, carried a gold stick. Wilson won.

Major Stanley, himself a cavalry officer who took part in the retreat from Kut with General Maude, regarded the column. He liked the sound of them going by. "So



"Here we reserve our anxiety for cricket, Chattaway and horse-racing"

pleasant to hear them when you don't have to do anything about them," he said.

★ ★ ★

SIR HENRY STANLEY's house is just as he left it before he died. First thing you see is a lake Lady Stanley named Stanley Pool, dominated by water lilies and ruminative ducks.

Workmen were washing the walls, red and pleasant, and they weren't dawdling, but getting on with it as if the ghost of that great go-getting journalist was standing over them.

The house is full of memories. Paddles the explorer used on his Congo adventures. Portraits and sculptured heads of the great man. He was a Welsh workhouse boy named John Rowlands who was adopted by an American trader in New Orleans.

You can imagine why Stanley, after such a beginning to life, sent his own son Denzil to Eton.

Major Stanley remembers a Kabaka of Uganda coming to visit him at Eton. He remembers how his father always sat on a green couch in the green study, where he was brought of an evening to say good-night to him.

There was a phonograph, patented 1870, given to Stanley as a wedding present, but the famous snuffbox, sent him by Queen Victoria, is now at the British Museum. The box meant probably more to Stanley than any other one thing in his life, for it arrived at the peak of the time when his name was denigrated, and he was considered by some eminent members of the Royal Geographical Society to be no more than an American penny-a-liner adventurer.

There is so much in the house that is traditional English nineteenth-century country living.

A visiting Canadian, come to pay tribute to the memory, was fascinated by the letter-box in the hall. "You mean you actually post letters in it?" he demanded. "But do they ever get anywhere?"

He regarded the contraption as though it was as mysterious as that old hollow oak in which Victorian small girls used to post secret notes.

★ ★ ★

RECENTLY there was a television serial play of Stanley's life, but Major Stanley would not have known about this if his butler, who reads the *Radio Times*, had not told him. Every Tuesday for five weeks Major and Mrs. Stanley went to look at the play on the butler's TV set.

I left the house puzzled. Stanley was, I think, a greater Empire builder than Clive or Rhodes. Yet to find an appreciation of his life's work you have to go to Belgium. They know all about him there. But in London there is no memorial, no statue in the Abbey. In the small, overgrown cemetery by the house there is a rough, towering granite stone with on it the words Bula Matari, which is the name the Africans gave him, The Breaker of Rocks. Perhaps, standing there, it is more in keeping with the memory of a man who always stood apart from his fellows.



MAJOR-GEN. SIR IAN JACOB, K.B.E., C.B., is, as Director-General of the B.B.C., the man responsible for the content of all programmes at the Radio and Television Show which opens at Earls Court today—and also for all others throughout the year. Sir Ian came to Broadcasting House in 1946 to be Controller of the European Services from a distinguished career in the Army through both peace and war. As Assistant Military Secretary to the War Cabinet from 1939-46 he travelled all over the world with Sir Winston Churchill and other political and Army chiefs, attending such famous conferences as Yalta and Potsdam. He comes from a family who have distinguished themselves in the Army through several generations, and is the son of Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob



Fennell

A VICTORY SMILE from Mrs. Roderick More O'Ferrall after her two entries Sarissa (left) and Atlantida had taken first and second place respectively in the Phoenix Plate at Phoenix Park, Dublin, which is one of Ireland's major races. Their trainer, Mr. P. J. Prendergast, set up a record by winning his sixth consecutive Phoenix Plate

At the Races

THE ENDLESS DUEL OF THE TURF

IT has always been the object of the righteous man to prevent the not so righteous from "priggin' what isn't hissen" and the battle will go on until the end of time. It is not an easy one to win, but always interesting.

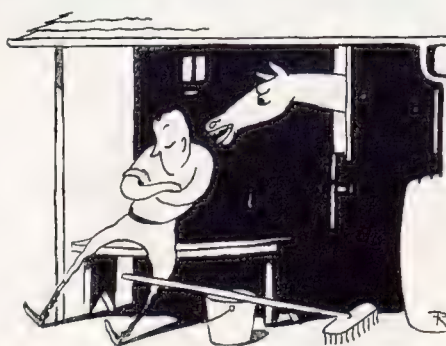
A famous tipster, whom I do not know personally, but for whose acumen I have always had the greatest admiration, calls attention to a "new" system of co-operation between the bookmakers and stewards. Under this The Ring gives the authorities all the information it can about any unusual market fluctuations which the Ring sleuths may not spot, and this is very usual when there is any suspicion of "funny business" being toward.

My unknown friend refers to a recent and somewhat flagrant instance in which nothing happened even though the surrounding circumstances reeked to Heaven with suspicion. As a matter of fact it is almost routine for stewards to demand to have a look at the Accounts Department, and quite often they find out a lot, but not always, for it is extremely difficult to trace ready-money transactions "on the rails," unless the operators are very prominent personalities.

WHEN a major operation is planned, the Directing General will take very particular care that the "Commissioners" are not known; and this, naturally, applies equally to what goes on off the course—i.e. on wires which arrive from all sorts of obscure places, so cleverly timed that The Blower cannot affect the general

plan. Stewards everywhere subscribe wholeheartedly to the motto of Dogberry & Co., "Be Vigilant," but it is surely very easy to realize that the opposition has often quite a lot of the best cards up its sleeve and can take as much catching as the proverbial weasel.

IT is only upon those rare occasions when some dissatisfied person blows the gaff, that Law and Order has a real chance of getting off on level terms with the marauders. The bookmakers are as much interested as the cops in wheeling into line, because so often they stand such a big chance of being shot at. Nat Gould used to be accused of painting too black a picture, but sometimes things make us wonder whether in fact he did! The



wicked of today are a lot quicker and cleverer than they were when he wrote those amusing yellow backs.

Whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer is as fond of racehorses as £300,000 comes to still remains to be proved. That he is fully aware of the value of the thoroughbred horse in the shape and quality he is produced in these islands is not arguable. However hardly we may think of Chancellors, when they put a bit more on our income tax, we know that they are very wise old birds, and that it hurts them even more than it hurts us to place further fardels upon our over-laden backs!

The Chancellor has an even keener eye for spotting winners than our friend "Old Joe," who so often implores us "Not to forget what I told ye last Arskit!" The British thoroughbred is a winner, and however unhorsey Chancellors of the Exchequer may be, no one is more fully aware of this fact than they. British bloodstock is a national asset, and one that has proved itself and still continues so to do.

THE late Col. Willie Hall-Walker, later Lord Wavertree, knew well what he was doing when he gave the Tully Stud to the nation. It was a magnificent gift and the Chancellor knows that very well. Our customers have steadily increased and still continue to come back for more. So what is £300,000? What the committee, which has recently been examining this business, has recommended is that one or more stallions of the very highest class should be made available, and that a stud of about fifteen mares, representing a number of the best blood lines, be maintained, and the produce—so far as possible—be put into training, and not sold as yearlings. The benefits which will accrue from such a policy are too evident to demand any emphasis.

—SABRETACHE



Miss Brenda Adams, who was riding Miss Betty Clay's Philomel, won a well-deserved prize in the Children's Riding Ponies Class

PONIES PARADE ON ASCOT RACECOURSE

THE Ponies of Great Britain Club held their annual show at Ascot, and it was attended by a host of youthful spectators who came to watch their contemporaries competing in the ring. The club is now in its third year and has an ever-increasing list of members throughout the country

Below: Miss C. Bailey and Miss Pamela Forman with Cluggan Dolly and her foal



Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Moody and their son Dominic with Lord Kenyon's Gredington Iris, winner of fourth prize for brood mares



Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh and her son Peter were interested spectators at the show

Swabe



Flashback to Radio-Olympia, 1926: Lady Tree, George Grossmith and Mme. Delysia made a distinguished trio in front of the antique and bulky microphone, an item of equipment which in thirty years has been, literally, improved out of all recognition

PORTENTS AT EARLS COURT

ROBERT TREDINNICK, gramophone record critic of The TATLER, has been associated with the record industry since 1931, when he first broadcast from the Midland Region. After war service he gave a weekly programme of new records on the Overseas programme. He will again be heard on the Home Service next month

TO-DAY the Postmaster-General, Dr. Charles Hill, M.P., opens the twenty-second National Radio Show at Earls Court, in London, where it continues until September 3rd.

It will seem scarcely credible to many that the first Radio Trades Exhibition was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, in 1922, the year when the B.B.C. began to cater for the ordinary listener.

The following year the exhibition was held at the White City, and for the first time the entertainment possibilities of radio were demonstrated.

FOR the next two years the Royal Albert Hall housed the radio show where, successively, the home-constructed set and the crystal set was featured.

From 1926 to 1939, the exhibition was held at Olympia and known throughout the world as Radio-Olympia. It was at Olympia that radio-gramophones, portable and mains radio sets, the first television receivers, six-valve superhet automatic record-changer radio-gramophones, the ultra-short wave receivers, sets for three wavebands, and car radios were first shown and demonstrated to the public; and, of course, improvements in tuning, suppression of interference and many other technical refinements were incorporated in the radio

industry's products, the standard of which became higher each year.

War closed the 1939 radio show after a few days' run, and when, in 1947, the first post-war exhibition was staged, there was a record attendance for any exhibition ever held at Olympia. Television was featured in a big way for the first time, and exhibits of electronics introduced to the public. To-day it is important to remember that in 1938-39 we had by far the best system and equipment in the world for furthering the interests of Television. That we still have both is something over which I do not propose to trail the red herring, let it be enough to state that the British suffered more than their fair share of the ramifications of World War Two, and that the practical inventions and experiments made by such pioneers as Baird must never be allowed to go unrecognised.

LOOKING back as I have, very briefly, over the years brings to my mind the name of a man under whose régime I first had the privilege of appearing "on the air." He is Lord Reith, who not only established a code for British Radio, but also set an example to British radio manufacturers, which I believe has been to their lasting benefit.

To-day, when a great majority of our compatriots live, because they are obliged to do so, on the H.P. system, we are faced with a problem, especially at this time, which the

Chancellor of the Exchequer sees fit to check. That he may be right is not quite the point, but to all who are concerned in this vast undertaking it must be most difficult to reconcile the need to keep the flag of British Industry flying in the face of the very recent, and, I think, ill-timed restrictions placed upon that industry through the auspices of H.M. Treasury.

IT is beyond question that any such embargo will be faced with a balanced viewpoint, but that it should have come into force when it did must be accepted as a teeny bit unintelligent.

Hire purchase terms have been changed three times during the past year; the rate of purchase tax five times in the past seven years. This would appear to define the radio industry as a luxury trade which the Chancellor wishes to discourage, a challenge worthy of some deep and considered thinking.

This year our National Radio and Television Show has an unusual significance, being held, as it is, on the eve of the introduction of commercial TV in England and at a time when the B.B.C.'s V.H.F./F.M. (Very High Frequency/Frequency Modulated) sound radio service to various parts of the United Kingdom is being extended.

There are over 150 new models of television and radio receivers catering for these new services being shown.

Philips introduce a well-built console television receiver incorporating a 21-in. aluminised tube and 10-in. speaker. Flywheel line synchronisation and automatic gain control on sound and vision are special features of this model, the size of picture being 18½ ins. by 13½ ins.

Philips also show an external type Band III adapter kit for earlier television receivers with plug in coils. The Band III adapter kit for certain Philips television receivers has already been made available.

The compact, well-designed and well-finished "MotoRadio" is another Philips innovation at this year's show. This four-valve, two-waveband receiver has self-contained power supply, an easily accessible chassis, and is specially made to fit the space provided for radio in most British cars.

The "Music Maid" five-valve radio receiver and alarm clock which is fitted with a special socket for the attachment of any auxiliary electrical apparatus of up to 5 amps. rating, is again featured by Philips. The "Music Maid" will act as an ordinary alarm clock, switch the radio on at a pre-set time, switch the radio off and on again at pre-set times, and boil a kettle.

DECCA introduces a 21-in. console television receiver, and a console television receiver incorporating a V.H.F./F.M. radio tuning unit. This is operated by the television band selector switch, three positions giving the Home, Light and Third V.H.F./F.M. transmissions. There is one spare position and eight channels are thus left available for T.V. Decca also offers a four-wave band (V.H.F., Short, Medium and Long) table radio receiver at the cost of 39 gns. (tax paid).

There is, of course, an increasing interest in better and better reproduction of recorded sound, brought about largely by the long-playing gramophone record; this has encouraged manufacturers to offer a wide range of products from the reasonably inexpensive record-player to the elaborate high-fidelity "stereophonic" equipments costing several hundreds of pounds.

Of the less expensive record-players the Trixette A.410, fitted with the Garrard RC 110 three-speed automatic record-changer unit and turnover type crystal head, is excellent value and easy to transport.

AN exhibit of especial interest is the H.M.V. "Hall of Sound," where a survey of the major developments in recorded sound, from Berliner to the present day, is expertly presented, culminating, of course, with the latest stereosonic tape recordings which are being demonstrated to the general public for the first time. There are three types of tape players available this year.

Progress in electronics, the usage of electronic equipment, and the "automaton" in home, factory and travel of the future, form a special exhibit which leads up to a careers display and demonstration, designed to obtain recruits for this rapidly expanding industry.

In spite of foreign competition British radio exports are still increasing, and indeed, likely to reach a new record level following the 1955 show.

Trade buyers from all over the world and members of the great British public, in their hundreds of thousands, will flock to the National Radio Show for the very good reason that when it concerns radio and television, we in these islands always have something to offer that is second to none, and the high standard of this year's Radio and Television Show proves once again that there is no exception to this golden rule.



"Press Conference" in process of transmission from the TV studio. Sir Anthony Eden is questioned by Francis Williams, Richard Scott, William Hardcastle and William Clark



Bird's-eye view of a TV set-up televising Terence Rattigan's play, "The Deep Blue Sea." On the set are Googie Withers as Hester Collyer, and Kenneth More as Freddy Page



An impressive view of the trade stands and their banners at last year's highly successful Show—which, however, that of 1955 bids to eclipse with its radically new apparatus

At the Theatre

MIDSUMMER MOONSHINE

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Glan Williams



A JOYFUL PLOT to reconcile their supposedly hostile families is contrived by the lovers, Sylvette (Hilda Schroder) and Percinet (Nicholas Amer), in one of their clandestine meetings; unaware that they are themselves victims of a ruse

IN the winter we are happy to concentrate seriously on the woes of star-crossed lovers and to weep unrestrainedly for Pyramus and Thisbe and Romeo and Juliet, but with the arrival of high summer this becomes somehow a slightly fatiguing occupation. It is the time, as Mr. Robert Atkins is aware, to contemplate the absurdity of romantic love.

Matching mood with season Mr. Atkins already has *A Midsummer Night's Dream* going at the Open Air Theatre, and now the pleasant idea has struck him of companioning this Shakespearian burlesque with a revival of Edmond Rostand's first play, *Les Romanesques*. No two plays could so differently perpetuate the same mood through two consecutive evenings. Shakespeare, as is his way, entangles his mockery in so much poetic loveliness that its point is often lost

in the shadowy and shifting background of moonlit cloud and foliage. The Frenchman's verse, in spite of its joyous sparkle (a sparkle sadly diminished for us by a rough-and-ready translation), always keeps the point of the joke plainly in view. Young love is almost bound to be no more than a tentative exercise in sensibility, healthy, no doubt, and charming, but also wonderfully silly. A breath of reality will either blow it clear away or change it into something different.

Rostand was himself a romantic of the romantics and he takes a simple pleasure in the silliness of his young lovers.

PERCHED on a wall dividing their parents' estates, Percinet and Sylvette see themselves as Romeo and Juliet happily fated not to die terribly but to end what they imagine to be a long-standing feud between their houses. They quote entrancedly, they

attitudinize exquisitely—and we share Rostand's enjoyment of their silliness. But though they know it not, old Bergamin and Pasquinet, whom they have cast as Montague and Capulet, do but feign enmity. The old rascals are bent on arranging a marriage of convenience which will make their adjacent estates one, and they are of opinion that nothing is more likely to foster such a marriage as they desire than a show of stern parental opposition.

Nor satisfied to gather in gently the fruit of their worldly wisdom, they go the usual perilous step further. A bogus abductor of Sylvette, rescued in the nick of time by the heroic Percinet, sets the stage for the fathers' ostensible reconciliation and the removal of the wall. The bill for the abduction, a first-class affair of its kind, is terribly long, but the affair works. Alas, it works too well. The old men get on one another's nerves now that they have no enmity to feign, and the airs and graces which the heroic lovers give themselves are insufferable. So the truth comes out, and the romantic lovers, finding that they have been trapped into a pedestrian marriage of convenience, separate, he to play the part of Don Juan in the real world, she to sigh for a seducer.

SOMETHING like sixty years separates Rostand from his sad successors in the French theatre who delightedly blow illusions into bubbles merely for the fun of seeing them burst. Before Rostand has done with his lovers they will have learned that romance is worth having after all, and is real, too. And the happy ending is most amusingly arranged.

It owes a great deal in performance to Mr. Robert Eddison. As the master of abductions bilked of his bill but refusing to give way to despair, Straforel, Il bravo, dresses up as an improbable Spanish nobleman and proves to Sylvette how alarming romance can be. Mr. Eddison puts a fine bogus *bravura* into the nobleman's passionate love-making, and after that scene Sylvette is ready to fall into the arms of Percinet, who has returned from his Don Juan travels like some straggler from a defeated army. But if Mr. Eddison runs away with the spectacular honours of the piece, Mr. Atkins and Mr. Russell Thorndike admirably catch the contrast between the sanguine Bergamin and the dyspeptic Pasquinet, whose cosy stratagems spin the charade-like plot. Miss Hilda Schroder and Mr. Nicholas Amer present the lovers in all their charming silliness, though perhaps a touch more naturalness would make the artifice even more effective.



A BILL COMES HOME TO ROOST from the black-visaged abductor (Robert Eddison) to the fathers, Bergamin (Robert Atkins; centre) and Pasquinet (Russell Thorndike), who are astounded at the price of mock-knavery



Angus McBean

YVONNE ARNAUD CALLS THE TUNE

Audiences have been enchanted to hear Yvonne Arnaud play the piano for a full two minutes during the performance of Alan Melville's Mrs. Willie, which opened at the Globe Theatre on August 17th. She is a concert pianist of distinction and has played with leading British Orchestras





At the Pictures

THE WELLESIAN TOUCH

MR. ORSON WELLES wrote, produced, directed and stars in *Confidential Report*—and that is probably what is the matter with it. Had he had a literary adviser to cut the corn that luxuriates in his story, a producer to limit his indulgence in whimsy for whimsy's sake, and a director (vegetarian, maybe) with less relish for his pure peach-fed ham acting, it might all have been far more convincing—and a jolly sight less confusing.

A dying man on the docks in Milan tells a complete stranger named Van Stratten (Mr. Robert Arden) there's a fortune to be made out of blackmailing Gregory Arkadin, a multi-millionaire financier (Mr. Welles). Now I wouldn't know what to do about a useful little tip like that, but fortunately Van Stratten does. With an ease that somewhat astonishes, he strikes up an acquaintance, in Tangier, I believe, with Arkadin's daughter (Signorina Paola Mori—or Mrs. Welles, if you prefer). She falls for him and takes him on a jaunt to her father's castle in Spain. Here he meets Arkadin—a burly, bearded gentleman, with a built-up nose.

THE financier, whose ubiquitous spies know all, confronts the young man with a humiliating dossier which proves Van Stratten is a rather nasty adventurer and not at all a suitable companion for a millionaire's daughter. Arkadin is willing to keep this from his child—providing Van Stratten promises never to see her again and will carry out an investigation for him.

Arkadin explains that in the winter of 1927 he found himself wandering about Zurich with 200,000 Swiss francs in his pocket and not the faintest idea who he was, why he was there or whence he had come. "Oh, amnesia!" says Van Stratten, in a that-old-thing tone of voice, swallowing the unlikely tale without even a grain of salt.

Of course, it isn't amnesia—it's just guile on Arkadin's part. He fears there may be a few odd characters still alive who have knowledge of his disreputable origins and he wants the unsuspecting Van Stratten to trace them so that he can have them eliminated by, one gathers, his team of hired assassins. Why he should employ an unknown petty crook when he has a madly efficient spy service of his own, only Mr. Welles knows.

ACCEPTING the job, Van Stratten flies in all directions—touching down at Zurich, Copenhagen, Tangiers, Amsterdam, Paris, Mexico and Munich to interview the weirdest collection of characters Mr. Welles could think of. They include a gentleman who educates fleas (Mr. Mischa Auer), a wily old fence (Mr. Michael Redgrave, in a padded dressing-gown, a hair-net and curlers), a desperate drug addict (M. Gregoire Aslan, bald as a billiard ball), a ravishingly pretty ex-copper's nark (exquisite Mlle. Suzanne Flon), a raddled white-slave trafficker (hawklike Mme. Katina Paxinou), and a consumptive jail-bird with a hankering for goose-liver (Mr. Akim Tamiroff).

When the more dangerous of these have, in the polite phrase, been taken care of, it would be the simplest thing in the world for Arkadin to protect his dark secret by having Van Stratten, the one man who now shares it, quietly murdered—but Mr. Welles is not for simplicity. The end of Arkadin is as incredible as his beginning.

Throughout the film there are many typically Wellesian touches—the use of angled camera shots, cavernous colonnades, endless balconies, soaring pillars, a dark procession of hooded penitents in a Spanish

street, the Goya-esque masks at a fancy-dress ball—but against so tawdry a story background, these smack of trickery rather than artistry and are, at best, a doleful reminder of the genius Mr. Welles seemed to be when he gave us *Citizen Kane*.

"VALUE FOR MONEY" is about a young Yorkshireman (Mr. John Gregson) who inherits from a dour father £62,000, a rag business and a streak of meanness as wide as Ilkley Moor. His journalist fiancée (Miss Susan Stephen) urges him to travel, to broaden his mind—so he goes on a Cuptie excursion to London, where he is bewitched by a glamorous chorus-girl. This young person, delightfully played by the talented Miss Diana Dors, teaches him to fling his "brass" about a bit—thus earning the undying gratitude of the journalist who is to become his wife.

From a satirical opening, in which the town of Batley is revealed in all its forbidding grime and money is mentioned with hushed respect, the film descends to farcical comedy, but there are many good performances—especially from Mr. Ernest Thesiger as an aged peer who flaps about like a marionette in the hands of an inept puppet-master—and I found it good fun. Of course, I don't hail from Yorkshire.



Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov, three escaped convicts full of Christmas spirit, in *We're No Angels*

IN *We're No Angels*, a polished and witty screen version of M. Albert Husson's gay and cynical play, three dangerous convicts—Messrs. Humphrey Bogart, Aldo Ray and Peter Ustinov—who have escaped from their Devil's Island jail, move in on the amiable manager of a general store, at Christmas. He gives them such a good time they feel they must do something for him—so, with the help of a deadly pet viper called Adolphe, they kill off two of his pestilential relatives and forge a will in his favour.

Mr. Bogart, as the forger, is dry and sly; Mr. Ray is a merrily moronic murderer, but it's Mr. Ustinov, as a wife-killer, who ambles away with the acting honours like a cosy, if delinquent, panda.

—Elspeth Grant



A GALLERY OF ECCENTRICS are to be expected from a film written, produced, directed and acted in by Orson Welles. *Confidential Report* is full of characters and situations that savour of being larger than life. The story of a young man (Robert Arden) travelling the world on a strange assignment involves (left) Michael Redgrave as a wily old fence, with a fancy for wearing a hairnet and curlers, (centre) Katina Paxinou—a sinister dealer in white slave traffic, and (right) Orson Welles himself, a millionaire with a past, which he eradicates by violence

Television

DISEUSE OF DISTINCTION

THE annual National Radio Show at Earls Court provides viewers with something like an Indian summer pantomime season. Amid the circuses and the dance bands, the youth clubs and the glees which turn the week's programmes into a jamboree, I mean to keep my eye on one of the few real stars TV can claim to have created.



The night when Shirley Abicair first emerged from the ruck of a "Centre Show" and came down to the footlights to sing "Let him go, let him tarry" was, I think, the only occasion when I have been quite sure I saw a star born on TV. The B.B.C. also recognised that plain fact. But they have consistently underrated her calibre of stardom.

SHIRLEY ABICAIR is not just one more of TV's singing girls. She has more than a voice and a zither; she has taste and a questing intelligence. In my opinion she has a considerable amount of the qualities it takes to make a diseuse of distinction. Yet the B.B.C. on television, after a mercifully short-lived attempt at over-producing her sweet simplicity, make her mark time in *Starlight* after *Starlight*.

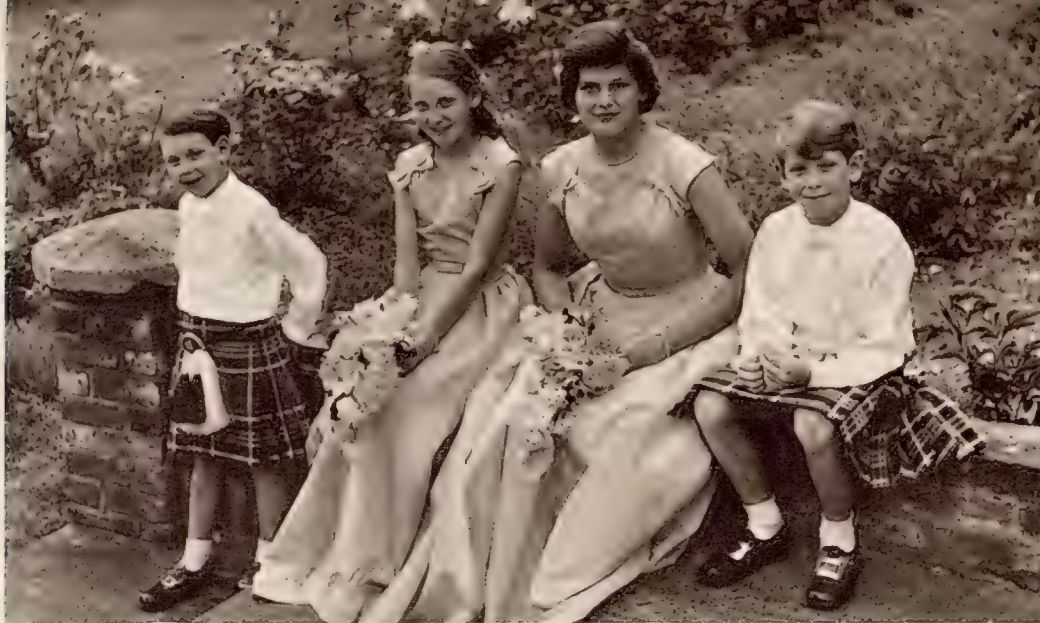
It is in *Starlight* that we can see her again on Friday, and since that is so we may be grateful for *Starlight*. But Miss Abicair does not strike me as the kind of unambitious artist who will be content indefinitely to go on turning on *Starlight*. I think she is rather eager to experiment with the medium her scale suits so well. I would recommend her to the attention of those two imaginative musical producers, Christian Simpson and Patricia Foy.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



Angus McBean

KAMILA TYABJI, the new chairman of Television Asian Club, in the beautiful sari she wore to a Buckingham Palace Garden Party recently. Miss Tyabji comes from a distinguished Indian family. Her father was a High Court judge in Bombay and one of her brothers is now Ambassador in Djakarta. She herself is an M.A., B.C.L., B. Litt., of Oxford, a barrister and also an author



Nicholas Cumming-Bruce, Miss Veronica Cumming-Bruce, and Charles Cumming-Bruce, niece and nephews of the bridegroom, with Miss Joanna De Bertodano, all of whom attended the bride

THE EARL OF MEXBOROUGH'S YOUNGEST SISTER WEDS

THE marriage of the Hon. Roualeyn Cumming-Bruce and Lady Sarah Savile took place at St. Mary's, East Hendred, near Wantage, with a reception afterwards in the grounds of Hendred House, home of the bride's sister, Lady Agnes Eyston.



Lord Thurlow, who was best man to his brother, was talking to Miss Patience Thesiger. He is the seventh baron



Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Neill, Sir Harry Hyllton-Foster, who is the Solicitor-General, and Lady Hyllton-Foster



Miss Venetia Stopford-Adams and Miss Juliet Hanbury, two of the guests in conversation at the reception



Lady Dormer chatting to Cmdr. Michael Chichester, Mrs. Chichester and Alice, Countess of Gainsborough



Mrs. James Young and Mrs. John Eyston. There have been Eystons at East Hendred since the end of the fifteenth century



Miss Ann Scrope, one of the bridesmaids, Mrs. Cuthbert Fitzherbert, Miss Anne Hope and Mr. A. Fitzherbert



The bride and bridegroom, followed by their attendants, leave the church of St. Mary's and proceed towards Hendred House for the reception. The church, which can be seen in the background, leads directly into the private grounds of the house



The Earl of Mexborough, the bride's brother, who gave her away, and his eldest sister, Lady Agnes Eyston



Lady Beatrice Scrope with her aunt (left), the Hon. Mrs. Loyd, and her mother, the Countess of Mexborough



Mr. and Mrs. Guy Holland at the wedding. The bride and groom were to spend the honeymoon in Italy

Swaebe

Standing By . . .

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, E.C.2

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

HABITUES of the glassed-in visitors' gallery recently opened on London Stock Exchange have been complaining bitterly (*vide* Press) that they can see the boys moving on the floor below but they can't hear a thing.

What they are dying to hear is, as everybody knows, not routine cries of "Sell out at 48!" or "Bull Pongo 'A.'!", but some of those good stories which are perpetually going round the Stock Exchange. These, we may add, the Committee is determined they shall never hear. Apart from the expense of installing a relay loudspeaker-system, Stock Exchange stories are (a member tells us) quite unsuitable for being bawled fortissimo, owing to their gossamer-like delicacy. He quoted a typical one about a one-eyed sheik, a camel, and a Vizir's favourite wife. To have such a lovely Oriental tale roared into flapping red ears in the Visitors' Gallery would indeed be an artistic crime, we agreed.

Footnote

IN the Good Story Room, where all the best ones are told, the voice of the Narrator of the Week (this chap added) never rises above an exquisite murmur like that of the Trevi Fountain by moonlight. The preliminary formula of courtesy addressed to the week's Story President is unchanging:

"It is permitted to relate the diverting adventure of the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman in the Parisian nightclub?"

"It is permitted."

At the least hint of indelicacy a silver bell rings and the narrator breaks off, blushing furiously, and leaves amid a chorus of low hisses. *Mumsie!*

Queenie

UJJI, Lake Tanganyika, a village now, we observe, on the telephone for chaps with dates in Ujiji, is the place (as you sahibs may have forgotten) where Stanley met the longlost Livingstone in 1871 with the dramatic words "Dr. Livingstone, I think?"

Livingstone's dramatic reply was "Yes," and one can't help feeling that an even more dramatic reply—dictated perhaps by weariness, or distaste for publicity, or even a sudden dislike of Stanley—would have been a roar of "No! My name is Queenie Featherstone!" (*Exit forthwith, into impenetrable Bush.*) This would leave America's No. 1 Special Correspondent boy in a No. 3 quandary, in no way solved a week later by a furious cable from his imperious boss, Mr. Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald*, saying "FLASH WORLDSCOOP LIVINGSTONE LOCATED WHATS BITING YOU QUERY END." To this Stanley, grinding his teeth, would cable back "LIVINGSTONE UNLOCATED STOP ONLY ONE WHITE CONTACT HERE WHISKERY DAME QUEENIE FEATHERSTONE NOW REGAINED BUSH UNUPFOLLOWABLE UNCONTACTABLE UNPRESSWISE END."

By return would come a real rocket:

"LIVINGSTONE OUT RUSH PROMPTLIEST LIFE-STORY MYSTERY WHITE JUNGLEQUEEN QUEENIE FEATHERSTONE BEAUTY GLAMOUR THRILLS MENACE HEARTBREAK SEXANGLE PHOTOS STOP DOWNPLAY WHISKY UPPLAY ALLURE STOP GETCRACKING ORELSE STOP END."

[N.B. Paul Holt treats this quite differently on p. 314.]

Ace

MUTTERING something about Women in the Modern Novel, an eminent librarian would, we fancy, have raised the eyebrows of one of his most famous predecessors in the racket—namely the Chevalier Jacques Seingalt de Casanova, who spent his final years as librarian to Count Waldstein at the castle of Dux, Bohemia.

By this time Casanova had finished with women and would certainly waste no time on reading novels about the creatures, of whose habits and customs he knew more than any booksy type alive. He was also 100 per cent. efficient at his library job. For these reasons we think the Library Association boys might set an occasional paper on him at their halfyearly charter examination for budding librarians. E.g.:

1. Which would you rather be, a chartered librarian or a chartered libertine? Or both? Illustrate with sketch-map.
2. Discuss the statement "I like nothing better than to curl up of an evening with a good book," with reference to Casanova's nocturnal occupations in Venice, Rome, London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, 1743-83. Would you recommend this routine as training for an assistant-librarianship in (e.g.) Cheltenham?
3. In which way, if any, can escaping from prison with the aid of a rusty iron bar be said to equip a future librarian for the duties of cataloguing, collating, and issuing tickets?

Incidentally 89 per cent. of Casanova's fellow-librarians don't die so well, but the L.A. naturally wouldn't wish this fact to get around.



BRIGGS~~~~~by GRAHAM



Lieut. Richard Wilson was escorting Miss Susan Heyland. Regimental dress was being worn for the first time since the war

THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT (4th Bn. T.A.) held their annual Ball at Woolverstone Hall, near Ipswich. This enjoyable event was called the Minden Ball, in recognition of the famous battle of Minden, which took place in 1759, and which was celebrated by the wearing of a red and yellow rose, presented to the ladies at the Ball



Lt.-Col. J. S. H. Smitherman, Battalion C.O., Brig. E. H. W. Backhouse, D.L., Colonel of the Regiment, Mrs. Smitherman, Lady Gooch, Mrs. M. N. Forrest and Col. Sir Robert Gooch, D.S.O., Hon. Colonel



Mr. Haywood Smith and Mrs. John Hurlock. Woolverstone Hall, where the dance was held, is now a boys' school



Maj. Roy Kemp shows his fiancée Miss Betty Payne the Regimental silver. It was guarded by men dressed in 18th-century uniforms



Major and Mrs. W. S. Bevan at the Ball, which was attended by 240 guests



Mr. Anthony Durrant, Miss Avril Burgess, Lieut. Michael Casey and Miss Jacqueline Ostroumoff were others at this good Ball

Swabe



M. GUY DE LA MOTTE is the youthful Lord Mayor of Vittel as well as General Counsellor of the Vosges. He is also the general manager of the Vittel Company. With him is Mme. Michele Hisbergues. The Vittel Company, which controls the vast combine of hotels, casino and Vittel water factories, is run by Mme. G. Bouloumie, who was awarded the M.B.E. in the last war



F. J. Goodman

MRS. EDWARD LAMBTON, who was taking a cure at Vittel, and M. Claude Arvengas, son of M. Gilbert Arvengas, formerly French Ambassador in Portugal. Mrs. Lambton is the wife of the trainer. Once again Vittel, situated on the shady slopes of the Vosges, is attracting visitors from all over the world, who go there to relax and drink the health-giving waters

Priscilla in Paris

FIGURES FOR LA MODE

A CHANGE of tune! The noise, bustle and heat of holidays! The cool, quiet serenity of town! Paris is so empty that even the road-drill gangs no longer attract an audience. No loiterers, not an errand-boy to be seen! The *congés payés* have created a void that Parisians, passing through Paris on business or pleasure, find extremely agreeable. With fountains playing in honour of the thousands of tourists who throng the spectacular sites of the city and the municipal watering-carts washing down the streets at dawn, one finds the pavements cooler than the packed and sun-baked beaches along the coast.

The crowded salons of the *grands couturiers* showing the autumn collections are supportable, thanks to the blocks of ice hidden behind banks of ferns and flowers, but nothing can attenuate the odour of warm, oil-smeared humanity slowly grilling by the tepid seas.

I WISH I could take a really intelligent interest in *la Mode*, but I find the people who wear the clothes far more interesting than the clothes they wear and, anyway, does one ever minutely analyse exactly what a *truly well-dressed* woman has on? To be well-dressed is to create an impression of charm and distinction, that is all that matters. The old French proverb, *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*, might well be remembered by fashion devotees, especially by the short, out-sized woman who admires an elongated silhouette. The Germaine Lecomte mannequins are amongst the tallest members of that very elegant corporation, and are glamorous no matter what they wear, but for the common or drawing-room female the Lecomte stove-pipe-tunic effect will have to be cut down to finger-napkin-ring proportions.

I gather that tunics will be "greatly worn." Mrs. Barkis is willing, but she is not sure whether to plump for the befurred gorgeousness of White Russia or the simplicity of ancient Greece; she sternly sees to it, however, that Miss Barkis sticks to the "Gym" variety, black-ribbed stockings and all!

WHEN Jacques Fath died last year it was feared that the end of the House of Fath had arrived. As well as sorrow for the death of a young and charming man, regret was felt that the world of fashion was losing one of its finest designers. Most surprisingly, however, Mme. Fath has carried on. Surprisingly because, during their married life, she had remained quite aloof from the business. She wore her



husband's lovely frocks supremely well, but the models were brought to her and all the fittings took place at their private home.

She was a very young woman when she married Jacques Fath in 1939, and was terrified of meeting his "houseful" of employees! Now she has ceased to be terrified. Discovering how eager she was to learn the job and follow in her husband's footsteps, the "houseful" rallied round and the Geneviève Fath collection looks like being highly successful, if one may judge by the applause that greeted the presentation. One of the secrets of its success is the clever way physical imperfections are camouflaged. No more bare bones above the board-bared without beauty, simply because it is *de bon ton* to undress for dinner. If shoulders, vertebrae and salt-cellars are gracefully covered, then strip them to the limit, but otherwise, "temper their . . . infirmities," says Geneviève Fath.

A man designs for the ideal woman; a woman designs for other women!

LA MODE has had her field-day in a somewhat austere setting this week. Never before, I imagine, has the stately amphitheatre of the Sorbonne—"seat of the Académie Universitaire de Paris, with faculties of theology, science and literature"—been the scene of a *causerie* between a Fellow of the University and a *grand couturier*. Mme. Capelle de Menon spoke brilliantly. Mons. Christian Dior no less so; both proving, in their own way, that Baudelaire was right when he said that "fashion is a sublime deformation of nature!"

Beautiful mannequins presented, some of the deformations that M. Dior has wished upon his complacent slaves since the opening of his reign. Loud applause greeted the demonstration; smiles also were seen, for the lines H and A are of the past, and past fashions are strangely contumelious. But six ravishing creations from the present collection followed. The new line, Y, indeed is "sublime!" Emotion ran high. Women turned pale. Men clutched their pocket-books. Applause crashed, the walls of the amphitheatre quivered. . . .

I was seated rather far from the rostrum, but it seemed to me there were tears in the Master's eye. Success is sweet. "Tears of joy," I murmured aloud. "No!" said my escort, "H.A.Y. fever!"

Souvenirs d'amour

● The crowning touch of the Heim collection: The mannequin wearing a bridal gown carried a bouquet of . . . forget-me-nots!



AT THE OPENING of the Kitzbuehel Mittersill golf course, in Austria, a dinner-dance was held at the Schloss Mittersill Club. Above: The Maharani of Baroda, Mme. Michel Grund and Mme. Bertini

Count and Countess Igor Cassini. He is also an American columnist

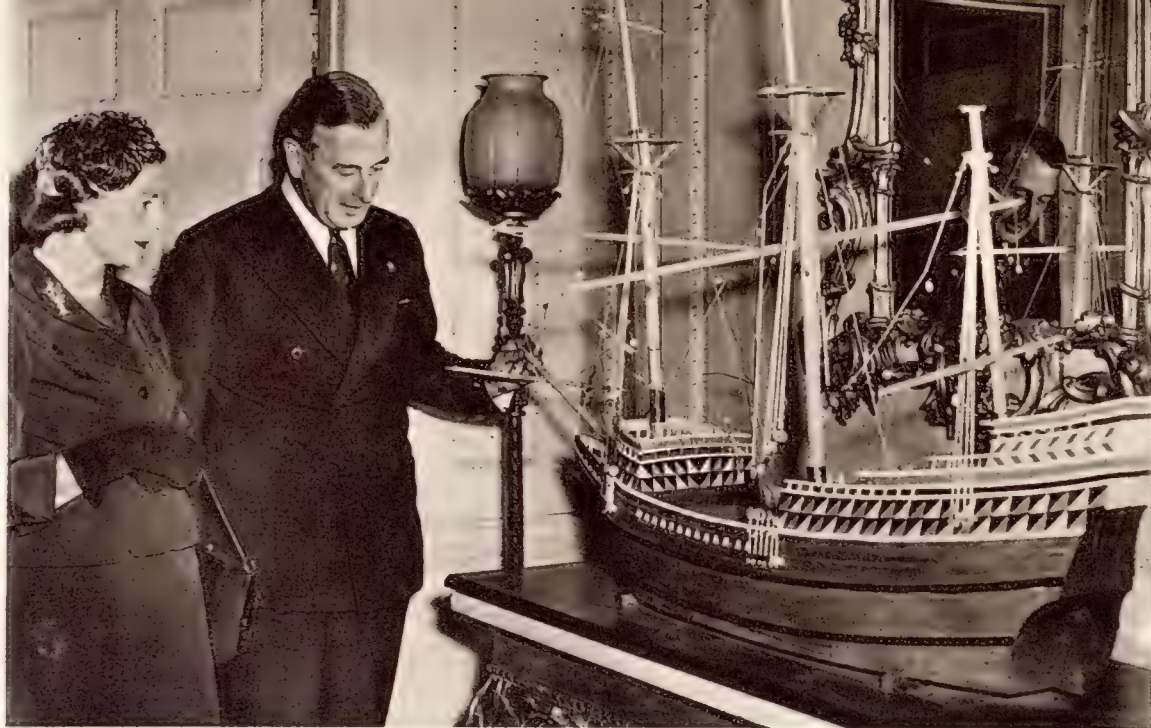
Baroness Hubert von Pantz and Count Peter Palffy were greeting friends



Count Hubert Deym and Countess Hochberg were listening to a folk song recital on this enjoyable occasion

Mme. Michel Grund, Prince Charles d'Arenberg and Princess Alexander Hohenlohe at this enjoyable dance

EARL AND COUNTESS MOUNT-BATTEN inspecting a model of Mayflower II., a full-size replica of which is being built at Brixham, and will sail to the U.S.A. next year as a goodwill offering from Britain to the American people



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

A PROSPECT OF IRELAND

THE CRYING OF THE WIND, by Ithell Colquhoun (Peter Owen; 15s.), is a travel book—subject, Ireland. The author's approach is personal: on the whole she followed her own way, and she has given us her impressions of it. As to these, she has a ready and often very beguiling pen: her book indeed may serve as a sort of guide to sensations which those arriving in Ireland may hope to share. I do not doubt that many may be tempted to follow the trail blazed by Miss Colquhoun. She is a painter and, I understand, a poet. To Irish landscapes and cloudscapes she brings a painter's eye, writing particularly beautifully about skies, twilights, river valleys, sea-frayed coasts, and the intensive atmosphere of remote places. To my mind, she is handicapped only in one way—by an aptness to swallow all she was told.

Ireland is subject to visitors with a pronounced pro-romantic slant, and Miss Colquhoun, by all evidence, has been one of them. Ireland, particularly the West, can be relied upon to lay on moods which cheat not a single expectation. At the same time, the country has a humdrum quality—lately, a sort of naïve up-and-comingness—which romantic travellers either exclude from vision or refuse to digest. The ideal travel book would, possibly, take in everything—but with regard to Ireland it has yet to be written. True, domestic realities did obtrude upon Miss Colquhoun, and in a disturbing form: in almost every bedroom she occupied she found herself next door to noisy plumbing. So proud are we Irish to have plumbing at all, and of so recent a date is its introduction, that we do not mind its announcing itself, however stridently. For a visitor, however, this may be trying.

SUCH an honest book, in intention, is *The Crying of the Wind* that one could wish its author to have been more armoured, by nature and temperament, against tall stories. She stayed mainly either as a paying guest in country houses, or in homes which

had gone a degree further and made themselves over into guest-houses—in such, it is the custom to give full value by regaling guests with high romance over the tea and cakes. An ideal listener must have been Miss Colquhoun: in consequence, her version of Irish country-house life dates back to Miss Edgeworth or Sir Jonah Barrington—rats cavorting around amid chipped Crown Derby, and high sea tides sweeping in at drawing-room windows. (I do know one house in which this was liable to happen, but the ground floor is now fitted with iron shutters.)

The off-the-map parts of the travels are delightful—no hitches hold up Miss Colquhoun, who always gets where she wants somehow. She's good on the archaeological angle, also. Legend and lore appeal to her, and she has sifted out the fairy mythology fairly thoroughly. On the horse world she did not choose to impact. Immunity to religion kept her apart from Ireland's realities on Sundays: our country is, she mildly complains, no place for "a cosy old agnostic"—in fact, as church-time approached she found herself forced to take to the woods. Her remark on Maynooth (p. 33) might, I thought, have been spared. Ireland's main defects, from the visual point of view—mean archi-

tecture (apart from Georgian building) and the tendency of plantations of conifers to fur up formerly clean skylines—seem, oddly enough, to have passed her by.

HOMESICK for the days of the Irish Literary Renaissance, our visitor made do with Dublin-to-day bohemia. She took part in a tremendous romp in Ballsbridge. Speaking of the popularity the Somerville and Ross stories "once enjoyed," she seems unaware of their vigorous renewed vogue. Her remarks on weather may not ring true to those who know Ireland over a term of years—snow is not frequent: in general, our winters are moist and "soft," with pink mountains and brilliantly green moss. Her final chapter, "The Municipal Gallery Visited" is disfigured (on pp. 159, 160)

by sayings which I am certain she must regret: the ladies in question, dead lately, are still well-loved. To straightforward criticism of art, Miss Colquhoun is, on the other hand, well entitled—her own black-and-white drawings illustrate *The Crying of the Wind*, and should please all.

★ ★ ★
THE CAPRI LETTERS, by Mario Soldati (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.), is an Italian novel about Americans. This book is striking, in places powerful: I did not (if a reviewer may be so frank?) altogether know what to make of it. Henry the husband and Jane the wife are a naïve, good; inhibited young couple: brought to Italy by the war, they remain on in the country for some years after, thereby losing both their hearts and their heads. Each gnawed at by a passion for an Italian, they seek refuge in marriage to one another, and try hard to make the marriage work.

The total irony of the situation only discloses itself as one reads on: by the end it mounts into grim drama. The opening chapters are perhaps a trifle slow: Henry, keeping house with Dorotea in the artist quarter of Rome, is first described for us by his Italian man friend, the "I" of the early part of the story. Lack of work, lack of money and traces of severe emotional conflict have wrought changes in the formerly spry young American major. What has happened? Henry himself explains when—surely a shade improbably—he submits the tale of his emotional life in the hope of the MS. making a film scenario.

INDEED, he carries his self-analysis to an extreme point. His taking-over as narrator (of his friend, the original "I," we hear little more) drains some of the flavour out of *The Capri Letters*: one finds oneself missing the Latin sprightliness. And myself I could never quite lose the sense of Henry's being not so much an American as a highly perceptive Italian's idea of one. The same, though less so, applied to Jane—as a complex young woman, she is convincing.

Jane, once her secret has been surprised, relates the entire Aldo story to Henry—dire indeed, and humbling, has it been. The letters which give name to the book had been written by Jane, alone on Capri, to Aldo, in a fit of love-madness: now, they have disappeared. Will Jane be black-mailed? Her part in the drama ends violently, half-way through.





A SAFARI STARTS ITS JOURNEY INTO THE GRAMPIAN FOOTHILLS

IN a trough of the land "breakers" of Kincardineshire, a party sets forth on its day's task. They were competitors taking part in the trials at Glensaugh, Fettercairn, of the North of Scotland Gun Dog Association, held just before the grouse shooting season opened on the moors

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK



THAT LITTLE BLACK DRESS

HEROINE of a thousand magazine articles (dress it up, out it down, five hundred ways of ringing the changes, etc. etc.)—the little black frock is a real necessity for practically every woman. We show here "Sophistication," by Marcus, which is, we feel, a particularly happy example of this type of dress

—MARIEL DEANS



The dress is made in a black worsted wool crêpe with three-quarter sleeves and a deep scooped neckline. It costs 22½ gns. and comes from Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge, where we chose the gloves and hats shown with it. Left: Here it is worn with a bead-embroidered black cocktail cap which costs 6 gns. The beige, hand-sewn fabric gloves are priced 21s. 9d. Right: A different hat—quite a different effect. The black dress worn with an older, more sophisticated hat made of black velvet trimmed with rhinestones and a veil, which costs 16 gns.



Mornessia make this useful two-piece of black and orange flecked tweed seen (left) with the coat and (above) without it. (Hats in all these photographs by Gaby Louise)

That something new
for the wardrobe

The narrow skirted dress with its rather wide rounded shoulders has three-quarter sleeves and collar and cuffs of ribbed jersey. The straight hanging coat is collarless, has big, important cuffs. It comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge



A version of the ever-useful street dress in black merino by Susan Small. It has crisp white piqué collar and cuffs whilst the two bows and the inset band round the hips are of black grosgrain. From Woollands of Knightsbridge

Going out and about after the holidays

WE return from our holidays bursting with vigour, a little battered from contact with rural life and shamefacedly browner than we had intended to be. What is more, we come back full of a fine enthusiasm for fashions, for news of what's new and a divine discontent with whatever we find still in our wardrobe. Even if it's only taking the dog for a walk or window shopping or buying tonight's dinner, we're determined to do it in a new outfit and the clothes now arriving in the shops, all gay, charming, and as new as tomorrow, are exactly the answer to what we are looking for

—MARIEL DEANS



Continuing—

Going out and about after the holidays

Dorville's vivid billiard-table green wool suit (above and right) has an adjustable neckline which can be worn either high or low. It is made with a short, double-breasted jacket and the new season's very narrow skirt. From Eve Valere of Knightsbridge



On the right: Elegantly narrow, belted over each hip and fastened with leather covered buttons, this suit is made by Peter Rotas of a hand-woven, brown, Isle of Bute tweed. It comes from Harrods' Junior Miss department

Just right for window gazing

Below: A grey tweed dress by Sylvia Mills. Slim and straight with wide rounded shoulders and one big patch pocket, it has a gun-metal grey leather belt and a matching velvet scarf. It comes from Peter Jones, Sloane Square



A last salute to the summer

THE glorious days of this exceptional summer will soon be on the wane, but while the sun shines here are some gay and useful accessories which will keep those hot weather clothes looking smart and bright

—JEAN CLELAND



Italian calf leather bag of superb quality with novelty opening. Black and red (or white or tan). Price £14 14s. from Debenham & Freebody



For your money these fascinating little Venetian purses, 55s. and 35s. each, may be had from Liberty's (size 3 ins. by 5 ins.)



Left: Latest summer straw and leather handbags from Italy. Price £15 10s. from Harvey Nichols. Above: Silk sweater scarves from Paris printed with designs from famous operas. "Romeo and Juliet," "Faust," etc. Price £1 1s. from Debenham & Freebody



The TATLER
and *Bystander*,
AUGUST 24, 1955
339



A lovely bracelet compact to clip on the wrist. Ideal for dancing. Price £4 4s. from Marshall & Snelgrove's perfumery department. Above right: For sunshine or light showers this charming Swiss embroidered set. Umbrella case 17s. 6d., gloves 32s. 6d. from Woollands



Right: From Switzerland come these delightfully dainty bags for summer evenings. They cost £1 5s. each and are stocked by Dickins & Jones. Above: Coty's gilt engine turned fob vanity case. Price £2 17s. 6d. from Coty's salon, 3 New Bond Street, W.1

Beauty

Jean Cleland

As young as your feet

SORRY, when—in the words of Lewis Carroll—the sun is shining with all its might, and everyone is in holiday mood, to turn to so mundane a subject as feet. But it is just now, when the weather is hot, and most people are enjoying outdoor sports and walks into the country, that feet deserve extra consideration. In the majority of cases they are working overtime, and there is no doubt that the heat, which is so pleasant for us, is extremely trying for them.

Feet that ache and pinch and chafe are, believe me, no secret sorrow. They show in the face, and if you are in doubt about this, watch any friend you like at the end of a tiring day. Even though she may not say a word on the subject, her face will tell you that she has been neglecting her feet, and that they're giving her much discomfort.

More than one expert has said that *all beauty treatments should start, not with the face, but with the feet.*

To look well and feel well, one must stand on a good foundation. If the feet are uncomfortable, one's stance is out of line, and this can have far-reaching effects. It throws the body into a wrong position, and destroys not only grace of movement, but impairs the health and even the digestion, all of which show in the looks.

A great deal has been written on the subject of choosing suitable shoes. Suitable that is to the shape of your particular foot. Heels that are too high can cause trouble, and put undue strain on the ankles, and so in reverse—for some types of feet—can heels that are too low. This is something which, regardless of fashion, you must try out and determine for yourself. A shoe that is too narrow, and pinches the joints, is no use to you however elegant it may look. To be ideal, it must not *press* anywhere. If your foot is not average in its dimensions—too long for its width or vice versa—the best thing is to have your shoes made to measure, and although this is more expensive, it is an extravagance that is really worth while both for the sake of comfort, well-being and looks.

CARE of the feet is vital to all who want to keep a fresh and youthful appearance. The routine is simple and, if carried out faithfully, wonderfully effective. First and foremost, if there is any trouble needing expert attention, go straight away to a good chiropodist. Do this without delay, and you will have reason to be grateful for his—or her—services. A few minutes' attention can give you a light step and a light heart. If necessary, make these visits a regular feature of your daily life. They can make all the difference to both health and your appearance.

In between times, a great deal can be done at home by a little daily attention. After the bath, a few minutes' massage does

wonders towards relieving stiffness and making the feet soft and pliable. While the skin is still warm, take a generous portion of skin cream on the fingers of both hands and work this well in with firm strokes, starting at the toes, and working up to the ankles.

NEXT, holding each toe firmly, massage them separately, using the thumb to give a rotary movement. For this you can use a rich skin food or a lanoline, but if the feet are feeling tired or sore, it is better to get a special variety made to alleviate these conditions. A good one is made by Dr. Scholl and is called "Foot Balm." This soothes, rests and refreshes, and in addition to the massage just described, should be well rubbed in under and over the instep.

When the massage is finished, brush the feet briskly with a stiff nail brush to bring up the circulation, then rinse under the cold tap and rub all over with surgical spirit. This closes the pores and helps to harden the skin and guard against chafing. Finish by puffing well with dusting powder and shaking a little into the stockings. Rimmel's make a very refreshing Violet Dusting Powder. They also have Violet Oatmeal Bath Cubes and a Violet Oatmeal Soap which is extremely soothing.

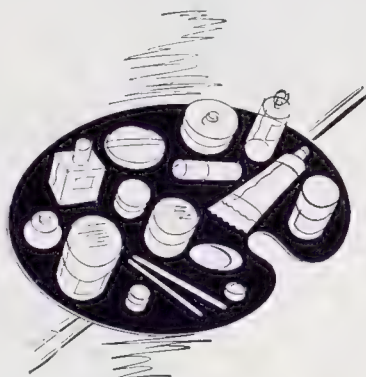
At the end of the day, if the feet are hot and tired, much can be done to relieve

them by means of simple home treatment with various excellent preparations available on the market. For alleviation of fatigue, and ordinary aches and pains, few things are better than a handful of Epsom-salt dissolved in a basin of warm water. If there is any rheumatism in the joints, Radox Bath Salts are a great help. These salts radiate oxygen and impregnate the water with mineral salts. They have an antiseptic action and they also deodorize the skin.

THOSE who suffer with bunions should get a preparation called "Baume Dalet," made expressly for relieving this condition. All you have to do is to bathe the feet for fifteen minutes in warm water, in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved, and then, after drying, massage gently with a small portion of the "Baume Dalet" ointment. Further relief can be had by wearing one of Dr. Scholl's Protective Pads, which take off the pressure from the shoe.

If you are going on holiday, do not forget to take some Elastoplast with you to protect any sore places or blisters, if you are unfortunate enough to get any. For bathing, there is a Waterproof Elastoplast that adheres to the skin while in the sea. You can also get a specially packed Elastoplast, which, quite new, comes in a little flat packet specially designed for carrying in the handbag.

Whether on holiday, or battling with everyday life at home, a little foot care, such as I have described, is one of the best passports I know to good health and good looks.



By courtesy of Rimmel





Fayer

Miss Anthea Rich, youngest daughter of Canon and Mrs. E. C. Rich, of Padbury, Buckinghamshire, whose engagement has recently been announced to Lord Craigmyle, of Fairnilee, Galashiels, only son of the late Lord Craigmyle and of Lady Craigmyle

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Bassano

Miss A. S. P. Clive, daughter of Brig. A. F. L. Clive, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. D. A. S. Bowlby, of Ilchester Place, W.14, is engaged to Mr. E. N. J. McCorquodale, son of Brig. and Mrs. N. D. McCorquodale, of St. Boswells



Lenarc

Miss C. J. M. Burn-Murdoch, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Ian Burn-Murdoch, of Gartincaber, Doune, Perthshire, is to marry Lord Wrenbury, son of the late Lord Wrenbury and of Lady Wrenbury, of Seaford, Sussex



Miss Jennifer Adams, only daughter of Mr. M. E. Adams, O.B.E., and Mrs. Adams, of Burnham, Bucks, whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. Michael Lewis Bayman, third son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Bayman of Ingatstone, Essex



McCrae—Astley. Mr. Alastair R. McCrae, twin son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin McCrae, of Kabete, Kenya, married Miss Cynthia R. Astley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Astley, of Nairobi, at All Saints' Cathedral, Nairobi

THEY WERE

MARRIED



Kelly—Edgecombe. Mr. Brian Arthur Kelly, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Kelly, of Little Oaklands, Purley, Surrey, married Miss Tessa Jeanne Edgecombe, the only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. Edgecombe, of Aplins, East Grinstead, Sussex



Pratt—Burrows. Mr. E. R. Michael Pratt, elder son of Lt.-Col. E. R. Pratt, M.C., and Mrs. Pratt, of Ryston Hall, Norfolk, married Miss Sarah C. N. Burrows, younger daughter of the Dean of Hereford and Mrs. Hedley Burrows, of The Dean's Lodgings, Hereford, at Hereford Cathedral



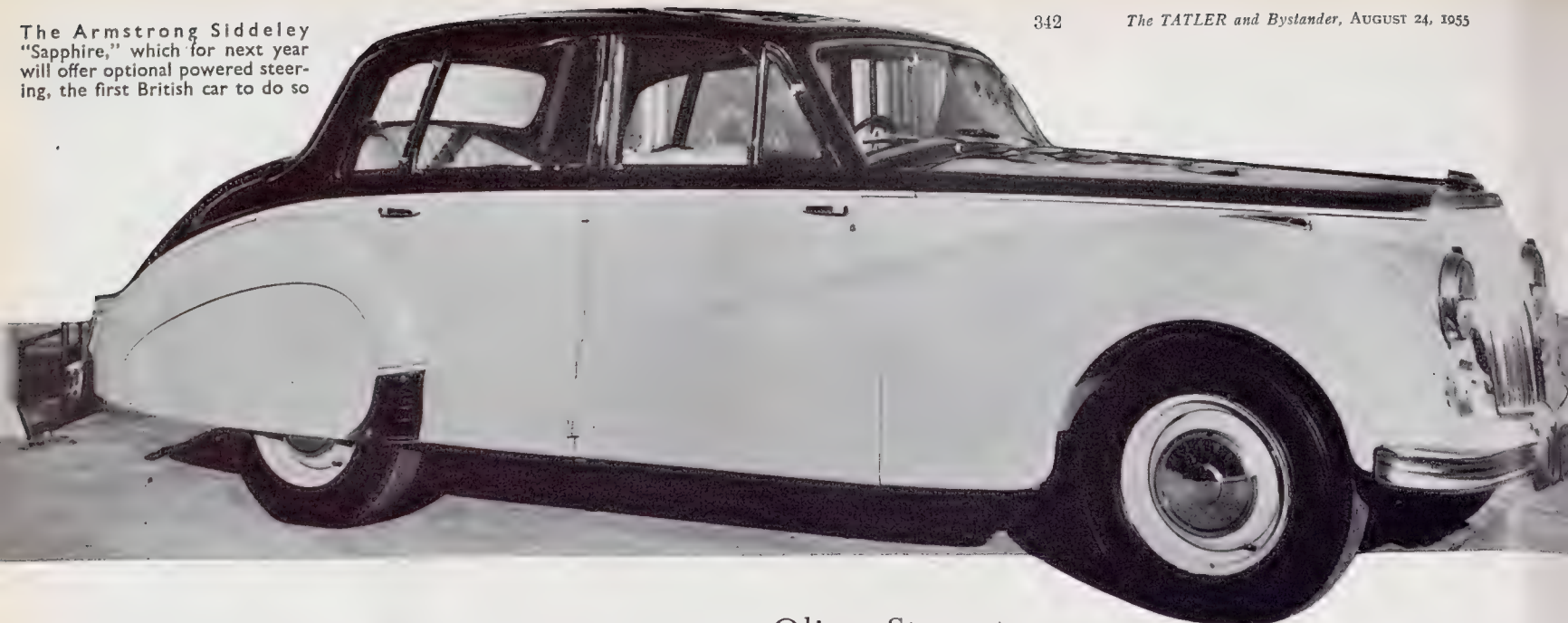
Heykoop—Bridge. Mr. Jan D. Heykoop, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Heykoop, of Ymuiden, near Amsterdam, Holland, married Miss Patricia W. Bridge, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bridge, of Thetford Lodge, Malden, Surrey, at Christ Church, Wimbledon



Gibson Fleming—Baker. Major William Harry Gibson Fleming, R.A., only son of the late Mr. H. Gibson Fleming, and of Mrs. Gibson Fleming, of Englemere Wood, Ascot, married Miss Selina L. Baker, only daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Randolph Baker, Bt. and the late Lady Baker, of Ranston, Blandford, Dorset, at St. Mary's, Shroton



Briscoe—Gully. Mr. H. W. E. Briscoe, son of Dr. H. C. Briscoe, of Natal, South Africa, married the Hon. Audrey Lucille Veronica Gully, younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Selby, of Biddenden, Kent, in the crypt of the House of Commons, Westminster



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

STANDARDS are good servants but bad masters. I hope that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders will remember this when its newly formed Standards Department comes into action. Standardize the exterior of a car and you will find increasing difficulty in selling it as the years pass; but standardize the basic bits and pieces; the fasteners, the threads, some of the structural sections, some of the material specifications and the consequence is increased speed of production and lowered costs.

Even this amount of standardization may be hostile to progress. For it must be supposed that human ingenuity is limitless and that somebody might suddenly invent a new kind of bolt or screw. If he did so he would have to do more than prove that it was better than the existing, standardized forms, simply to overcome the pressure of production. There is, however, one field in which standardization would be an advance. Every scientifically minded engineer knows it would be an advance. It is in the weights and measures used in motoring.

At the moment we in this country use a hotchpotch of weights and measures. We give engine capacities in the metric system; but we do most of the rest of our measuring in what is called the British Imperial System. I would like the S.M.M.T. Standards Department to look into this. For the British Imperial System is not British, not imperial and not a system. There is only one system of weights and measures in existence and it is the metric system. It is scientific, coherent, decimalized, international and simple to use.

One noted British designer swung his whole drawing office over from British imperial measures to metric measures before the war and found a large improvement in speed of working and efficiency; a result which is inevitable. British car exports are soon to be challenged. Let us adopt the metric system for motoring and so strip it for action in the contest that is to come.

AMINOR sensation was caused the other day when Armstrong Siddeley announced their programme for 1956. For although the Sapphire models remain basically as they were, there is the optional extra of controlled power steering. So the Sapphire becomes the first British car to be available with power

steering. We can be certain that it will not be the last.

The Armstrong Siddeley system, however, shows signs of individual thought and is not simply another adoption of a United States device. The degree of assistance is variable so that a driver may bring in full power or revert to manual. The manner of operation of the Sapphire steering is related to the power control systems of supersonic aircraft—a thing which might be expected when the firm is so experienced in aircraft work. A hydraulic pump is driven from the front end of the engine crankshaft and a ram does the actuation of the steering lever.



In addition to the controlled power steering, which will cost about £75 extra with tax, this company is offering adjustable ride control and power-operated windows. I have not scanned my lists of specification with any care; but it appears probable that the Sapphire now becomes the lowest-priced car in the world offering British motorists all these refinements.

POWER steering is receiving the same hesitant welcome in the United Kingdom that met automatic transmission. Coming from across the Atlantic these things are first of all thought to fit American traffic conditions, but not British. With power steering, however, there seems little doubt that it is an advantage with any large-size car. A really well designed steering system will give almost perfect conditions on the open road without the application of power; but it cannot also give perfect or even reasonably good conditions when manoeuvring at low speeds as when parking in a small space.

Power-operated windows are also an obvious advantage. They add to the sensation of luxurious travel and are the sort of device

which helps to build up the attraction of a motor-car. Ride control is in a different category. When I have driven cars with ride control, I have found that I forget about it quickly and leave the setting fixed. Suspension is now so good in well-built motor-cars that the difference between the correct setting and any other must be small. Nevertheless I like the Armstrong Siddeley policy of offering these three new refinements. It indicates wide-awake progressiveness.

THE unpleasant experiences of those who have suffered from the sudden disintegration of their car's windscreen have led to a good deal of extra thought being given to windscreen design. For instance there was, for a time, a movement against the divided screen, with a central pillar, on the grounds that it restricted vision. But now it is recognized that one of the protections against the sudden breakage of a screen is concerned with the size of the unsupported areas.

For maximum resistance to shock a screen should be divided up into small glass panels. Yet vision requires exactly the opposite treatment, with big expanses of unsupported glass. So the screen design problem, like every design problem in motor-car engineering, is resolved into a compromise.

I have not personally had the experience of windscreen disintegration; but a friend whose windscreen suddenly went blank, like a multiple shutter, tells me that he will in future always keep his driving gloves on because thrusting out the starred screen is a tough business. The real reply to this problem is not wearing gloves and being prepared to thrust the fist through a broken screen, but so to design the screens of future models that they do not break. And that brings us back to the question of the extent of the unsupported areas as well as of the type of safety glass used.

I COMPLAINED the other day about the redundant and usually hideous notices with which the local authorities clutter up the roads. On parts of the London-Brighton road the scene is of bits of paper, old bottles and every conceivable kind of rubbish along the verges. It seems that the local authorities have plenty of money for erecting notices which do not in any way contribute to road safety and may indeed reduce it; but they have no money to keep their roads clean.

What a pity it is that the Ministry of Transport is unable or unwilling to direct these people so that their activities are guided into useful channels.

Continuing from page 330

Holiday fiction with a difference

THE CAPRI LETTERS holds austere and haunting scenes: the emotion is held at a high level. Possibly the construction of the novel is too complicated—too many "I's" speaking (for Jane's a third), too much zig-zagging to-and-fro in time. Signor Soldati, clearly a capable novelist, must have had his own reasons for this choice—but he does somewhat heavily tax the reader. I also question its being a good thing to have given the letters, themselves, verbatim: so much built up to have they been, in advance, that to read them is almost an anti-climax. Here, however, is a novel outside the ordinary run. One ought, I don't doubt, to be reading it in Italian, though it's well translated by Archibald Colquhoun. From Mario Soldati we have already had the well-received *The Commander Comes to Dine*.

★ ★ ★

DRAGHTS IN THE SUN, by Richard Parker (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is holiday fiction with a difference. It begins with a holiday—somewhat after-season, at Bercombe, a bungalow village among sand-dunes—and all but ends with a cataclysm. Mr. Molly is the central character's name, and it's hard



THE SOUTH HAMS by Margaret Willy (Robert Hale, 18s.) is the latest of the Regional Book series. It covers a beautiful and secluded part of Devon and the Channel coast. Above: Old cottages at Ringmore

at times not to confuse him with Mr. Polly, that H. G. Wells immortal. Mr. Molly, like Mr. Polly, makes a sensational bolt from the everyday—domestic life is weighing heavily on him when, chancing to tumble over a cliff, he has a blackout and reverts to a former time, with which goes also a former love. For Bercombe, fifteen years ago, had been the scene of his idyll with Ella Kindness.

Mrs. Molly (Winnie) is not to know this—women's magazines absorb this placid if tactless lady. Richard and Christopher, the boys, see Dad as nothing but an old buffer. However, Miss Kindness at thirty-five is no less of a siren than she ever was—with dash she carries her rôle of unmarried mother, models clothes in London, holidays with young men. Her daughter, Andrea, takes things harder.

Racy and total irresponsibility is the prevailing note of *Draughts in the Sun*. The three adolescents, Andrea and the Molly boys, are enchantingly funny as well as life-like—the grown-ups, less life-like, are almost too odd. Mr. Parker's dialogue (especially when it's between young persons) is his forte: I have seldom come across dialogue more enjoyable. A vague whimsicality's his danger. Top marks to the publisher for one of the gayest book-jackets of this year.

★ ★ ★

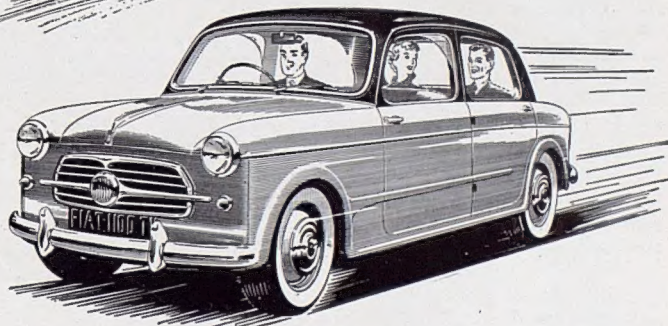
MAIGRET AND THE YOUNG GIRL (Hamish Hamilton, 9s. 6d.) is a new, fine example of the Simonon of the detective-story vein. Scene, Paris—but we are spared the harshness of some of Simonon's later underworld tales. Instead, we become drawn to the young unfortunate, of whom Maigret's own view is tender and touching. Who was she, this child from the provinces, who in spite of knocking about Paris for four years, had remained virtuous? Her sulky, resolute little face haunts Maigret. Why, knowing no young men, had she hired an evening dress? Why, and how, had she got herself into that spectacular wedding party? One by one, the answers provide the story—such art as this, only Simonon can command.

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DINING IN

Cooking on a spit

A REALLY expert and interested butcher is a boon and a blessing. Even if his meat costs a little more than that from the everyday "ordinary" butcher, it works out less expensive in the long run because he trims off excess fat and gristle and, when he cuts chops or, say, the neck of lamb, there are no irritating splinters of bone.

My butcher is a pleasure to watch. Last week, he prepared a rolled loin of lamb for me. First, he boned it, leaving not a scrap of meat on the bones. Then he trimmed it, leaving only a little of the crisp fat, and then, believe it or not, he seasoned it before rolling it, tying each round of string separately. That is perfect service.

The price of this meat was 11s. 9d., but it cost me less, per serving, than if the bones had been left in. I inserted a cut clove of garlic in the lamb and roasted it on a spit, which I received, via a friend, from France, almost a year ago. I am writing of it now because, at last, similar ones can be bought in this country for as little as 8s. 6d.

THIS simple little spit is made of stout wire. A base threads through two little "horses" (I cannot think of a better name), which, in turn, support the spit itself. This looks a little like a trident, with two prongs at one end and a very long centre one. Their job is to hold the meat or bird firmly. There is an ingenious little disc with holes in it, and these engage with a locking tongue so that, when the meat or bird is turned, it holds its position.

Roasting on the spit in the oven was quite a new experience for me. My present grill is in the top of the oven and I can spit-roast by direct heat, well away from it, but the spit can also be used in a "normal" oven. Any grill will roast by direct heat, but a spit is not practical in a shallow grill chamber.

I REGULARLY spit-roast a 3-lb. chicken, and it tastes every bit as good as any I have enjoyed done in an expensive mechanically-operated electric spit. This way, too, I cook rolled loin of lamb and loin of pork (and what perfect crackling it gives!) It is a long time now since any little domestic appliance has given me greater pleasure.

It does mean last-minute cooking and one is more or less chained to the kitchen. I set my pinger-ringer for ten minutes, at intervals of which I turn the meat or bird, so that there is no danger of forgetting that something is cooking. Because the results are so rewarding, I do not resent the attention the spit requires and I am sure that, despite what my friend from France said—that no Englishwoman would be bothered to use this spit—it will be a great comfort to enterprising cooks.

The bird must be brushed with melted butter as it is turned. Add the strained stock from the giblets to the buttery juice and serve it with the chicken. Serve, too, just now, perfect runner beans and tiny potatoes glistened with butter and sprinkled with chopped feathery dill, if that is available.

When planning a meal with a spit-roasted chicken as the main course, it would be a good idea to have, preceding it, something which could go on the table without any particular last-minute work—a chilled consommé, Crème Vichyssoise, cucumber or other delicious cold soup, or a paté of chicken liver or game, all of which are made well beforehand.

FOR the sweet, I would suggest Flan Ananas au Caramel. Here is how my old friend, Chef Mercier, made it: Cut a small tin of pineapple rings into not-too-small wedges. Pour the juice into a saucepan, add 3½ oz. sugar and simmer gently for 10 minutes. Blend in a bowl 1 dessertspoon plain flour and the juice of half a lemon. Gradually beat in 3 beaten eggs, 4 dessertspoons Kirsch and a few drops of lemon juice. Slowly stir the hot syrup into this mixture.

Make a caramel with 3 tablespoons sugar and line a mould with it (a soufflé dish is ideal). Stir the pineapple pieces into the custard and turn all into the mould. Stand it in a pan of boiling water and poach very gently for an hour. Place in a moderate oven for about 10 minutes. Leave to become cold, then pass the point of a knife round the edge and turn the sweet out to a serving-dish.

—Helen Burke



Leon de Wynter
M. MAURICE RICHIER OF AU JARDIN DES GOURMETS—co-proprietor of this popular restaurant in Greek Street with M. André since 1949, is a wine expert, from Tours. He came to England in 1926 as one of Boulestin's right-hand men

DINING OUT

To lunch by helicopter

BECAUSE I have a weakness for dramatizing a situation however ordinary it may be, I am writing this column at 11.45 a.m. at a height of 3,000 ft. and a speed of 75 m.p.h. passing over the orchards of Kent in a helicopter.

The only other occupant of the plastic and transparent bowl in which I am sitting is the pilot whose name I have just discovered is Tim Clutterbuck. One got the impression that flying a helicopter is as easy as walking down to the local, which it is definitely not, but it inspires a lot of confidence. Apart from operating these "floating lifts" he owns a trout farm in Hertfordshire.

In May of this year I wrote an imaginary account of a gastronomic excursion by helicopter showing how many parts of the British Isles and France one could visit in a week, sampling the specialities of each region. This was inspired by the fact that Mr. David Hennessy was on his way from Cognac to London by helicopter and due to arrive at the South Bank on a certain day at an uncertain hour, and I was due to meet him. I was there. He, although quite safe, was absent due to what the B.B.C. would describe as a technical hitch.

IT is possible, therefore, that it was to turn a flight of fancy into reality that I was invited to helicopt to lunch in a machine which bore two advertising panels on each side of its almost non-existent fuselage, leaving no one in any doubt as to who was paying for the petrol. Dead on schedule our remarkable piece of "airborne fretwork" descended on to a small lawn at the side of the Guilford Hotel at Sandwich Bay where we were greeted by Brigadier Giles, who took us off to Princes Golf Club, of which he is secretary, to meet Mr. A. V. Bridgland who is undoubtedly the uncrowned King of the Bay. An Australian, long resident in this country, and a golf enthusiast of the highest order, he rebuilt and refurbished the club house regardless, and acquired another fine house, Sandilands, which he has turned into a dormy house for members of the Golf Society of Great Britain, where they can wine, dine and sleep in great comfort surrounded by greens, fairways, bunkers and lost balls!

The Golf Society was Mr. Bridgland's inspiration, one of its most worthy objects being to provide hospitality to visiting golfers and teams from overseas. To clinch the matter the group of companies of which he is chairman acquired ownership of not only the golf club and the dormy house but the Guilford Hotel as well, to which we returned for lunch.

THIS hotel stands in isolation facing straight out to sea. It has, among other things, an excellent cold table and a short but very adequate wine list with a special panel for the "Head Waiter's Special Stock." The day we were there it was a claret—Grand vin de Léoville de Marquis de la Cases 1918 Château bottled 25s. A special lunch had been arranged to celebrate the first helicopter landing in Sandwich Bay. Smoked salmon and potted shrimps, fillet steaks, local grown beans and peas, a very expert vanilla soufflé and some excellent Stilton. For our added pleasure and as an aid to digestion there was Pouilly-Fuisse 1950, Château Cheval Blanc 1949, Bollinger N.V. and, appropriately, Hennessy X.O.

So back to Gatwick from where we had started and "one for the sky" with the pilot, who had completely won me over to dining out by helicopter.

IT must be very difficult and it is certainly taking a chance to come to a decision whereby you expend a great deal of money to open up a restaurant in the heart of one of London's most exclusive streets—namely St. James's—because you have acquired the necessary funds largely by making a considerable success and a fine name for another restaurant in a narrow road surrounded by barrows and buses opposite Victoria Station.

Lt.-Col. Russell-Hay has done this and the chance has been well taken. In May I announced that Overtons of Victoria were going to open at No. 5 St. James's a very smart "Gentlemen's Eating House"; they did; it is now August and it has indeed survived the opening.

The décor is quite outstanding—a fine place for you to show your lady and a fine place for her to show herself! As at Victoria, they have a shell fish bar, "Overtons for Oysters" having long been their cry.

At the head of the restaurant you can see the chefs at work, the grills revolving and all the coming and going of a busy staff behind a large glass screen. Good food, good wine, with Russell-Hay in person darting between Victoria and St. James's, maintaining the sparkle at champagne level.

—I. Bickerstaff

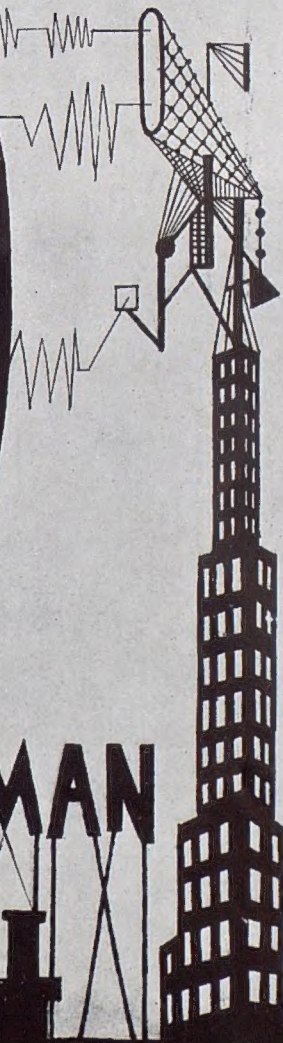
I THINK I SHALL
GO INTO THE GARDEN
AND LOOK AT A
BIRD.



BUT FIRST I MUST HAVE A T.V. FILM
MADE OF MYSELF GOING INTO THE GARDEN
TO LOOK AT A BIRD.



AND THEN IF I LOOK AT THE
FILM ON T.V. I SHALL
REALLY HAVE GONE INTO
THE GARDEN TO LOOK
AT A BIRD.



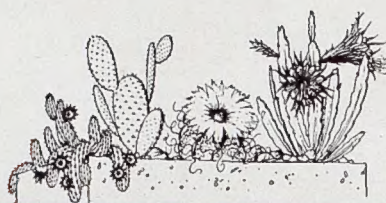
THE TVIAN MAN

SCHWEPPSYLVANIA, more so as readers will remember than any other State of the Union, is also in evolution more evolutionary. Schweppsylvania, passing quickly through the stages of Chromium Man, Neon-

derthal Man and the movement Back to Nato, first evolved the richer life of TVian Man, with his new ability not to be capable (unless there is a TV of himself doing it so that he can see himself doing it) of doing anything at all.

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